

Gent

DECEMBER, 1979
\$2.50
K49030

Home of the D-Cups

**Another
Taste of
Candy
Samples,
page 87**

**How Adultery
Can Save Your
Marriage**

**Super Cycles:
High Speed
Thrills at
Bargain Prices**

Ask Uschi

**And a Man
With A
Belly by
Stephen King**

Clyda, p. 57

**Roberta
Pedon, p. 76**

**Fat Girl
Bonnie Lee,
p. 16**



How to rob race tracks legally.

The secret of how America's Number One Handicapper "stole" over \$1,000,000 from the racetracks last year—all legal—all legitimate—and how you can do the same.

First of all, let's get one thing straight. I'm not a gambler. I'm a businessman. So when I go to the track, I'm not placing a bet. I'm making an investment.

But unlike any businessman I ever heard of, I don't settle for a 10, 20 or 30% return on my investment. I insist on a profit of **300%**... every single day... and what's more... I GET IT. Do I have your interest? Good. Now let me tell you how it works.

On a typical day at the track, when a certain type of race comes up, I look up the Past Performance charts in the Daily Racing Form. I spend no more than 5 minutes doing simple grade school arithmetic. Then, excusing myself from my guests at my table at the track restaurant, I place my bet and then I rejoin them. And as we resume our conversation, I sit there fully confident that **I have an 83% chance of winning!**

You read it correctly: e-i-g-h-t-y t-h-r-e-e percent! And the track can't do a thing about it. It's all legal and all legitimate. If everybody knew what I know... if everybody had my "secret", the prices on these races would plummet to ground zero. But of course, no one **does** know the secret except the two of us—myself and a very special friend I'll tell you about later. Meanwhile...

Easy street, spelled out.

Call me Mr. Relaxation. I can do exactly as I please—and boy do I love it!

I have a gold plated key to the "inside" of the racing world, where I am known as the King of Handicappers. Clubs solicit my membership. Friends seek my advice. And I eat it up! My home is a 12-room mansion—with servants of course. I tool around in a custom-fitted Ferrari racer (while my wife takes the Mercedes 450 SL). I could retire tomorrow and lead a life of luxury for the rest of my life!

No, I'm not boasting.

The good life can be yours!

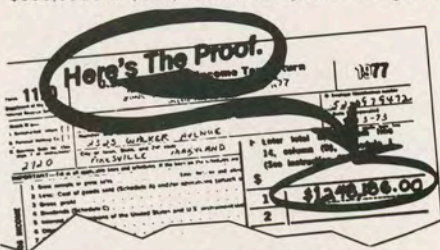
Don't envy me... JOIN me!

Start by taking some of your fondest dreams out of mothballs. Remember them?... the fur coat for the missus... that boat in the marina... money set aside for your kids' schooling... a vacation home... a trip to Europe...? Well, **now you can think big again**, because **I can make you a winner at the track 83% of the time too!** Okay, so far all I've given you is words. Now I'm going to give you **FACTS**, starting with a copy of my IRS Form for Calendar '77. (**No way** could I lie about a thing like that!)



Mike Warren noted turf analyst and self made millionaire who now wants to share his latest secret with you.

Notice the number?... \$1,000,000! Sure, I've had good years before—years where I did \$500,000 and \$600,000. But **this year...**? Forget it!



The ball game is over. We've broken the bank. I can now rob racetracks at will!

Okay, what is the secret?

Here's where my friend and co-discoverer of our method gets very nervous. "Sell it but don't tell it," he says. But I explained that if we don't tell people **something** about it nobody's going to buy it. And if nobody buys it, even **WE** can't take full advantage of it—for reasons which I'll explain later. Reluctantly he agreed, which, for him, was a big concession.... My partner is a computer scientist who was instrumental in helping NASA set up Project Apollo Moonshot and who today heads one of the largest computer banks in the world. Need I say more?

You guessed it—what we have developed is a "mathematical model"—**based on a computer study of over 24,000 thoroughbred racing performances in over 4,000 races over the past 5½ years**—a magic formula that takes all the factors that influence the outcome of this type of race and reduces them to a column of figures that you add up... one... two... three... and **YOU'VE GOT A WINNER!** It's **that** simple.

In fact, once you master my method you'll be an expert handicapper for **all** types of races, but in the meantime—to **START MAKING MONEY TODAY**—you need no prior experience or special handicapping information. You need nothing but a mastery of elementary arithmetic and the ability to read the Past Performance charts in the Racing Form—and that paper tells you how in every issue.

And, since the type of races my system predicts so accurately make up over half the card at most major tracks, it means you get from 25 to 30 races a week at each track where you have that amazing 83% percentage going for you. Indeed, under certain conditions—clearly spelled out in my book—"HOW TO ROB RACETRACKS LEGALLY"—**YOU'VE GOT A 90% CHANCE TO WIN!**

Now, do you see why I call it stealing legally? Now do you see why I'm asking you to write your own dream ticket? **THIS IS THE GRAVY TRAIN—AND IT COULD TAKE YOU PLACES YOU ONLY DREAMED ABOUT BEFORE!**

Here is my offer.

At this point you've got to wonder why is he giving it away? But think again: if my system is that good, how can I lay all that action? The big boys are bound to get wind; everybody will jump aboard and as I said, the price will do a nosedive.

But by distributing my method nationwide to thousands of small bettors—**WHO CAN MAKE THE SAME SELECTIONS I'M GETTING RICH ON RIGHT NOW**—I can conceal our picks and every now and then lay heavily on those occasional high priced horses where **YOU AND I CAN BOTH MAKE A BIG SCORE.**

So in a sense, the favor you're doing **me** is as big as the favor I'm doing you!

And **THAT'S WHY** I'm prepared to offer the first absolute unconditional eternal guarantee in racing: that my system **MUST** make you a winner 83% of the time. And if at any time—6 weeks, months or years from now—it fails to do so, simply return "How To Rob Racetracks Legally" to me for a complete refund! I'll go further: **POST-DATE YOUR CHECK FOR 30 DAYS FROM NOW.** Use my "secret" for that period and if you don't like it—I (I trust you not to photocopy it)—just send it to me at The Baltimore Bulletin, Dept. 00000, 23-25 Walker Ave., Balt., Md. 21208, for a complete refund.

The price? Only \$10. That's right! Only \$10 for a method that could make you **THOUSANDS**. No, I'm not crazy—I'm going to make more than you do. But I need your help to do it.... And, in return I'm giving you a secret that could put you on Easy Street!

Because what we're going to do—you and I—is Rob Racetracks Legally!

Sincerely,

Mike Warren

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY—

DEPT. G12

Dear Mike,

☒ Sign me up—please rush me my copy of "How to Rob Racetracks Legally". You have my word of honor I will not photocopy your system nor share it with any other person.

☐ Enclosed is my check for \$10—postdated for 30 days from now. It is my understanding I may use the system for 30 days at no obligation, and that if at the end of that time, it fails to perform as promised, I need merely return the book for a prompt return of my check **UNCASHED**.

☐ Bill my credit card. You agree not to deposit the charge until 30 days have elapsed. If I return your system within 30 days you agree to tear up the charge so I am billed nothing.

☐ For immediate 1st class shipment, add \$1.00 (in coins or stamps please)

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Gent

VOLUME 20

November / December, 1979

NUMBER 10



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& HELEN 37-27-36

The first of two
girl on girl
pictorials in this
issue.

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SALLY 42-24-35

A country gal from
Montana: long and
lean and stacked

on top.

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PENNY 50-29-41

A writer of sexy
stories, she breaks
the fifty inch
barrier.

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GLORIA 46-27-39

Back again for
the centerfold is
Gloria from our
Feb. issue.

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Douglas Allen, Publisher—John Fox, Editor—John David Hawver, Art Director

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CANDY SAMPLES In A Red Hot Solo Film



DUGENT PUBLISHING CORP.
316 ARAGON AVENUE
CORAL GABLES, FL 33134

Enclosed is my check or money order for \$2 .00. Please send
me the Candy Samples film in ☐ Regular 8 or ☐ Super 8.
(Please make check or money order payable to Dugent Publishing
Corp. Florida residents add \$.80 sales tax.)

(NAME)

(ADDRESS)

(CITY, STATE, ZIP)

**150-feet of
quality color**

**Available in
Regular 8 or Super 8**

**\$20.00 plus \$1.00
postage and handling.**

**“Candy adds motion
to motion pictures!”**

The Mail Slot

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION

Dear Gent:

Allow me to congratulate you on the excellent July edition. What a great way to start the summer! Your bikini layout was superb. Hope to see more of the same. But why stop with bikinis? I'd like to see layouts of girls in tight jeans tanktops, T-shirts, (wet and dry), sexy underwear, etc. Just pick a particular favorite article of clothing and go to work.

The queen of the July issue was Veronica. What a beautiful lady! And what a body! She's the most beautiful black model you've ever featured.

I couldn't believe that letter from that sicko T.M. from Canada. I've never seen such naked hostility toward women outside of an insane asylum. Really, that kind of hatred makes rapists. I realize that you feel you must print letters that represent a cross section of your readers, but letting a letter like that go without as much as a comment is like giving silent approval to his attitude. Just look at the words he uses to describe women, "raunchy," "slutty looking bitches," "whore," "fucking crummy slut," etc. And these are the women he *likes*! He does a great disservice to June Williams and Rita. June is one of the most beautiful models in the business today. What does he call her? "Boring," "nice," "pretty." It's sad when a pretty face and body becomes a detriment instead of an asset. True, *some* pretty women are dull, but not a truly fine model like June. With the right opportunities she could become a real star in movies or TV.

As for Rita, she's a genuinely lovely woman. Not as foxy as June, but beautiful in her own way. She is definitely not slutty looking. I'll bet it really made her day when she read what he said about her. Even if he did intend it as a sort of compliment. I think T.M. is as sick and warped as that demented woman who wrote you that nasty letter several months ago. The repercussions from that one are still being heard. I hope that all GENT readers who truly love *all* women as I do will rise up in righteous indignation and put T.M. where he belongs—in the gutter! How about it guys? Let him stick to his

"crummy looking sluts" and we'll stay with the beautiful ladies of GENT.

GENT is the only "big breast" magazine that I actually read cover to cover. Most magazines of this type are written by morons *for* morons, but GENT is truly informative, funny and entertaining.

The article on menstruation and female sexuality by Kay Porterfield was excellent. Based on personal observation, much of what she said is true. Ditto for the piece on hairy men. I'm a hairy guy, and although I consider my-

self of average potency, women don't seem to think so! They *expect* a lot more! Is there a chance I could get a back issue of March 79? Again, thanks for the fine magazine. Keep it up!—R.M., Washington.

Dear R.M.: Yes, we do have some copies of the March issue, cost is \$3.00.

THE BOOGEYMAN

Dear Gent:

I'm irritated because someone ripped out the ending to *The Boogeyman* by Stephen King that appeared in the De-

Rita, "no slut"



The Mail Slot

ember 1975 issue. And its driving me up the wall! My closets are mysteriously opening, there are muddy footprints around my house and occasionally I hear the sound of claws clacking against concrete.

HELP ME! Send me the ending to this.—B.H., Kansas.

Dear B.H.: Sorry, but at this late date we don't have a December 1975 issue to sell. The Boogeyman was included in a collection of short stories by Stephen King published last year under the title, *Night Shift*. And you'll probably be glad to hear that we have another Stephen King story in this issue (see page 21).

COMPLAINT DEPT.

Dear Gent:

I am writing this letter as a complaint. I have been reading GENT for approximately three years now, and the only reason I buy it is because I love big breasted women. My complaint, however, is that it seems that you have about twelve girls that you keep using over and over again — which I think is a big rip-off. Aren't there more than a dozen big titted women out there to photograph? I go to my local magazine shop with a fever the first of every month, looking for GENT and hoping to find a certain type of women with big tits and very wrinkled-up big dark aureolas around big protruding nipples being fondled and sucked and squeezed. But every month it seems to be that same little group of girls in different poses! Or *Mammary Lane*, which is a joke — all you do is waste five or six pages of old stuff. The closest you've come to what I'd like to see is Sigrid Bachman, but you had a lousy layout of her. She looks like she's saying to the photographer, "Please hurry and get it over with!"

I do like big titted women, but if your material doesn't improve I will be one less guy beating my way to the newsstand every month.—B.S., Connecticut.

Dear B.S.: Gals with boobs large enough to qualify for GENT are few and far between. How often do you see a gal of this size walking down the street? Once a week? Once a month? Well, that's the first problem — scarcity. And then the next problem is that after you find a good prospect, can she be persuaded to pose in the nude? Not every lady (no matter

how she's approached) will, you know?

One more reason that we often run pictorials on models more than once is because we get so much mail requesting more of Uschi Digard, more of Candy Samples, etc. And that makes sense to us because these models' sensuality is certainly not exhausted simply because you have seen their faces and bodies in previous layouts. Sorry you're not happy with us.

BLACK GIRL—HOT FILM

Dear Gent:

I ordered your movie of Candy Samples that was advertised in the June issue of GENT and I commend you on your taste! I hope you intend to make more movies of our beautiful full busted gals. I would also like to know if you have any movies of beautiful blacks such as Veronica or Mary Lou. Both are my favorites?—W.L., Los Angeles.

Dear W.L.: We suggest catching the film ad on page 96 of our August issue. The film offered is of Denise, a sexy, jet-black D-Copper who might be just the movie "star" you are looking for. If you missed the August issue, the film can be ordered by sending \$22.00 for the "Denise" film to Dugent Publishing Corp., 316 Aragon Ave., Coral Gables, FL 33134.

SOMETIMES THE MAGIC WORKS

Dear Gent:

Last night I bought the June issue and I just woke up thinking of the amazingly sexy things those big luscious bosomed girls can do with their tits. I love shots of any woman lying on her back, arms folded below her huge mounds, so that her suckable tits form two big round pillows that squeeze up toward her beautiful face. What could be more irresistible to a man? It makes me want to bury my face in them and lick their smoothness all over. One of my fantasies is to see a girl lying on the beach like that, asleep, and she doesn't know that her bikini top has come off (unlikely, but wouldn't that be great). Your picture of Clyda, (page 5), like this is great. Her tits are so huge, round and smooth, her face is a fantastic turn-on (especially that tongue) and those nipples!! Just beckoning me to jump into the picture and suck on her!

Shots of women in bikinis and bras are great too. I'd like to see some of your big-boobed women in super small bikinis that just barely cover the nipples. Or some bikini shots where the nipples aren't fully covered, like that one of Vicki Harris across the page from Clyda. God, what a cutie!

The center spread on Susan Fields is great. The first shot of her with her big nipples dangling down toward her luscious pussy and creamy thighs! I only wish my head was down there lapping away at her and making her feel good. The next page too, what a luscious pussy between those round buns! The real closeup of her tits is something I could look at for hours, and the insert where she's squeezing her boobs together. *Ooh la la!* Just let me run my tongue all over the tips. I'd like to see her nipples excited and bulging.

The shot of Candy Samples from the side with her huge tits hanging down is amazing. What huge jugs! I like that pose since it really shows the full size of a woman's tits (I'd like to see that same pose from the front). It makes you wonder what it would be like to mount her from behind and reach under her, feeling up her smooth belly to her dangling tits, just going wild feeling them all over and fucking her.

The spread on Annette is indescribable. Her perfect body and beautiful face just blow me away. The poses are good too. The top of page 10 you can see just how perfect her body really is, and below that another fantastic picture. The lucky photographer has used her beautiful legs, buns and lickable pussy to frame her boobs and face. With all these morsels visible in one shot, I can't decide which to look at (though I think it's her pussy I've looked at the most).

Sometime I buy two of your magazines and cut pictures out of one of them. Then I frame them and hang them in my room. It really improves any wall. Annette's going up there for sure.

Let's face it, I'm addicted to your magazine and look forward to seeing more of Annette and that beauty Lynn in your July issue. God, what a face and tits she has!—F.T., San Diego.

Dear F.T.: Thanks for your letter. You know, editing a magazine like Gent is like anything else: sometimes the magic works and sometimes it doesn't. And you're right, the June issue was a goodie.

A FRIEND IN NEED

Dear Gent:

I'm 21-years-old and still a virgin (and quite ashamed of it, to be honest). Although I want to love women they don't seem to think I'm very attractive. I have only had three dates and they were all first dates that led nowhere. After each date I felt totally unfulfilled. Luckily, *GENT* was there when I needed it. I would come home feeling miserable, take one look at your girls, and jerk off. I might have actually become a rapist, forcing women to have sex with me, but for your magazine.

Whenever I ask a girl out and she refuses (which is ninety percent of the time), I at least know that I still have one sure-fire way of getting off.

Although I like all these kind of magazines, yours has what I like best — big beautiful boobs. My only requests (if it's not too much trouble), please show more totally nude shots of Karen (the gal I really go wild over), Candy (and her most lovely samples) and I also have a preference for fat women.—R. G., New York.

THE "PERFECT" TIT

Dear Gent:

I've been a tit man since I was twelve and still am today, 30 years later. I occasionally buy American magazines devoted to this part of the feminine body — e.g., *Block Busters*, *King Size*, *Big Tits*, *BUF Swinger*, *Gem* and *Gent*. Most of them belong to a single publisher and their prominent feature is that mainly the same girls are "recycled" month after month. I noticed from your February issue that your girls are somewhat outside of that "circuit," and I am particularly pleased to see that even girls featured elsewhere, e.g., Anna Lou, appear in your magazine with special attributes — in this case pregnant. To show a great pair of tits swollen with milk is certainly the utmost a magazine can offer to its tit fans. Take any wonderful — even the most wonderful pair of tits and compare them with what they become when they become "fresh," in Italian we say that it is like comparing the night and the day.

The main reason for writing you this letter, however, is another one. I

noticed, in going through so many tit magazines over the years, that there is a common feature in all — including *GENT* — that is you picture the girls always, or nearly always, frontally or lying on a bed. Both ways are unfit to show a breast in all its prominence, whereas showing a breast from one side is the very way of seeing its real shape, its contour, whether it is looking upwards or flatly downwards — especially the nipples. The ideal breast is one that is pear-shaped with large brown protruding nipples emerging from the mass of the breast (which must not necessarily be too large) skyward. Very few gals fulfill these requirements, but some of the gals in *GENT* belong to this class, but such rare attributes are simply not used by your photographers. I'll make an example: Anna Lou is shown mostly lying supine, but never in a profile picture with her back bent so as to pop out the breast. The same applies to Karina (Greece Ball) who has large brown nipples which, if aroused by previous caressing, could be quite exciting if side pictured.

Another remark, in the movie circuit there used to be some superbly breasted gals who never seem to enter the magazine circuit. I bought a film in the early 70's of a girl who is the real incarnation of what I've been saying — and dreaming — about how a pair of tits should be.

A final point: Very good to show your gals in white, light shirt and then bare-breasted — as done with Anna Lou.—M. F., Italy.

CHOICE PEACE

Dear Gent:

All right gentlemen, enough is enough — I have held my peace too long. I have to come out and say that yours is the classiest and best put together magazine for big tit lovers anywhere.

What I especially like about your magazine is the present monthly publication and the choicest honeys from around the world (i.e., England — and I might add that England has some delicious women). I must also commend the photographers for taking excellent pictures of superb models such as my favorites Candy Samples, Clyda, Roberta Pedon and others who seem to have a different name every time I see new photographs of them. It gets very

confusing labeling them, but just seeing their jugs reaffirms their identities.

I've recently heard of an Israeli entertainer in Canada who everyone claims to have the largest breasts in the world. I haven't seen a picture of her or anything, and would be grateful if you could find something on her. Maybe some juicy pix. After all, I think it's only fair to your readers for you to seek out these women of the world.—J. P. W., Canada.

Dear J.P.W.: We're probably more tuned into the worldwide "tit line" than the average person, but this is the first we've heard of a big-busted Israeli entertainer working in Canada. If you learn anymore specifics, we'd appreciate you letting us know and we'll try to photograph her for GENT.

BEGGING FOR USCHI

Dear Gent:

First of all, sorry for my English.

At last you published a pictorial of USCHI!

Your magazine is surely "the best" about female beauty, every picture is so good and selected.

I read "The Mail Slot," and I noticed that like me many others wish to see more about the fabulous Uschi Digard. Why Uschi missed from your magazine for so long time? Now you announce a special layout for Candy Samples, and why not Uschi? It's true your pictorial of May was of eight pages, but not all picture were of the best.

Please return in the next issues with a new and good pictorial for what she is worth. She is my dream from about ten year when I saw her photos for the first time.

Good for *GENT* monthly. I hope to stay with *GENT* for many and many years again.—D.C., Rome.

Dear D.C.: If you like Uschi so much, why not write her per the instructions to be found at the end of her column in this issue. She told us to tell you that she's looking for more mail. It seems that a lot of D-Cup fans are too lazy to pick up a pen and that's stupid because Uschi is ready, willing and able to correspond. G

WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT? Send your letters to Gent Letters, Dugent Publishing Corp., 316 Aragon Ave., Coral Gables, FL 33134.

Fat Chance

"...She's wearing a thick support bra, but she's still bulging out from every opening. My fingers move over all her flesh and inside her bra. There's so much tit in there, I don't know what to do."

DEAR GENT:

I love fat women. A woman who is fat or "pleasingly plump" has the best of everything. Her tits are always much fuller than a slim girl's tits. The flesh on her body is soft and when you grab hold of her, your fingers sink into her skin. A fat woman also has lover's handles, making it easy to grab onto her ass. Fat women are great!

I noticed that at least one of your readers agrees with me too. The letter from "A San Jose breast man" in your July issue gave me the courage to send in this fantasy.

It's about a gorgeous fat woman who I see on the bus every morning on my way into work. I think she's pleasingly plump actually, but most other men would call her fat.

As I sit there, watching her flesh jiggling with the movement of the bus, I have the most outrageous fantasies about her. She seems like a nice woman and if she ever found out what I do to her in my fantasies, she'd probably faint. But I doubt she'll ever read this, so here goes.

I see her climbing the stairs of the bus. As she picks up her foot to climb the last step, her leg hits against her breasts. For a moment, she looks like one round ball of flesh. When she reaches the top, she stands straight, drops her coins in the meter, and walks down the aisle.

She has a graceful waddle when she walks. Her breasts flop against her stomach with each step. She keeps walking until she finds an empty seat near the aisle, then sits down with a heavy flump! Because she's so big, part of her body sticks out into the aisle. I can see the outline of her huge hanging breasts and I get the urge to walk over and squeeze them.

So I do!

I walk over to her and kneel down in the aisle by her side. Then I reach out

and squeeze her tit. She gasps, pulling away from me, but I just grin at her with an expression on my face like, "What're you goin' to do about it?"

She slaps my face and while she's leaning toward me, I grab her other tit. This time I have a good hold on it. She screams out, "What do you think you're doing?"

That urges me on to mush my hands into both her titties. Then I lean forward and kiss her, sticking my tongue into her mouth. That shuts her up for a minute. I guess she likes it because she quiets down and lets me feel up her tits.

I'm just a short guy so it's easy for me to move around quickly. I climb on top of her and straddle her lap while I'm kissing her. She makes a feeble attempt to push me off, but gives in when I stick my tongue deeper into her mouth.

Now I bring my hand underneath her red jersey and feel around inside. She's wearing a thick support bra, but she's still bulging out from every opening. My fingers move over all her flesh and inside her bra. There's so much tit in there, I don't know what to do.

I pull her jersey up over her hanging jugs and stare at her for a few minutes. She giggles, her face turns beet red, and she looks away like she's embarrassed. But I can tell that she likes it. She enjoys having someone admire her body.

I run my hands underneath the cups of her bra and slide around to her sides, then I tickle her. She giggles and screams at me to stop, but I tickle her harder. She writhes and twists, pushing me away, trying to free herself from my groping fingers. The movement is extremely arousing.

Her flesh rubs over my groin as she twists and turns. When she shoves her hand to push me away, she either catches me near my crotch or right on my nuts. I can feel myself getting thicker. I keep tickling her because it's so arousing to feel her squirm under-

neath me.

My rod is rock hard when I reach around in back of her and unhook her bra. The strap springs open, the bra dangles from her shoulder, and her tits tumble out. I lift the bra above her tits, bunching it up with her jersey. It's erotic as hell to see that huge white bra and red jersey stuffed between her chin and those soft white pillows of flesh.

I look at her tits resting on the roll of flesh above her skirt. *Jesuz*, that turns me on. I unzip the side of her skirt so I can see her fleshy rotund stomach.

She's wearing white satin panties. They're not small so I can't tear them off. I ease the panties down around her soft stomach and look at her again. Her titties hang over a roll of flesh which hangs over a plump stomach. I want to put my hands on her and knead my fingers into her blubbery flesh.

I squeeze her everywhere. Then I unzip my pants and pull out my cock. I take her titties in my hands and wrap them around my shaft. I start to fuck her tits, telling her to put the head of my shaft in her mouth when I thrust up toward her.

On one thrust, she leans forward like a pigeon and licks the head of my cock. On the next thrust, she opens her mouth and lets the entire head slip between her lips. It feels great.

Then she surprises me. She grabs onto my balls with both hands and starts massaging me, almost like she were milking a cow. I never felt anything like that before. Chicks have grabbed hold and squeezed me before, but no one ever did it like that.

She's got me climbing and she begs me to put my cock in her mouth. So I do. I let go of her luscious titties and rub my cock around her red lips, then I slide it into her mouth. Even the inside of her mouth feels soft and fatty.

Her tongue swirls around my shaft.

(Continued on page 82)



Like Sisters







Eileen and Helen are two secretaries who moved to the big city and quickly found out that living alone was very expensive. So, like a lot of single girls they decided to share an apartment. Having a roommate isn't as easy as it might seem, and both girls were apprehensive at first. "But," Eileen says, "we quickly found out that we have a lot in common. We like the same foods and the same lifestyle and we both wear the same size dresses which is super because now we have twice as many clothes to wear." The girls are also health nuts and have a good time jogging together and giving each other massages. "We're just like sisters," Helen says, "except that sisters seem to fight all the time and we never do. We get along beautifully." Another thing they have in common is they're both scorpions.





ASK USCHI

DEAR USCHI:

I love sex. All kinds of sex. I love missionary position. I love her on top. I love dog style. I love 69. I love to do it in the shower. On top of ice boxes. On the floor. In cars. Boats. Planes. Even elevators. Where do you like it best? What's your favorite position?

Big Dick, Butte, Montana

Dear Big:
Just in!

DEAR USCHI:

I've heard all kinds of things about athletes and fucking. I mean conflicting things. I hear on one side it's good for them to hump before a big game. And on another side I hear it's bad, because it drains the energy, and shit like that.

What do you know? What do you say?

R.R.T., Peoria, Ill.

Dear R.R.:

Actually, there's some truth in both reports. I'll explain. First, for the younger athlete — say, 18 to 29 — pre-game sex is often beneficial, according to medical studies conducted recently.

It relaxes him, and eases the tension. Also, as an additional beneficial side effect, it enhances his self-esteem and bolsters his confidence. In short, he feels loved, valued.

The older jock — say, 30 to 45 — also gets the same benefit of a confidence booster. And he, too, feels more relaxed. But ...

But his energy level often drops a bit — which is the negative aspect for him. Remember, the legs in an athlete are the first to go. And many veteran pro stars have told me that, after intercourse, if there wasn't a decent interval of rest before the game — approximately eight hours — the fling took all the zing out of their wing.

And you thought all of Joe Namath's lousy Sundays those last few years were just from bad knees, right?

As Sam Goldwyn once said: "He should have stood in bed!"

DEAR USCHI:

I've heard that the Food and Drug Administration is going to propose new regulations for rubbers and vibrators. Is that true?

The Wizard, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Wiz:

Yes. And not a moment too soon.

God knows those goodies sure need improving. We can get a man to the moon, but finding a vibrator that lasts as long as a healthy lady's lust is like finding a virgin in Hollywood.

Ain't no such animal.

DEAREST MISS USCHI:

You turn me on. You really turn me on. Christ, you get me hot. Oh, damn, you make me so horny I just don't know what the hell is happening. You're driving me so crazy I think I'm going to go blind.

Exhausted, Ft. Worth, Texas

Dear Exhausted:

Thanks for the compliments. But if you really love me, next time try not to send the sticky pages.

DEAR USCHI:

I'm curious about something. Among all the celebrity stuff I've read lately, I get the impression that Hollywood is now wackier than ever. Or at least I thought that until I read this new book about Tyrone Power that said he was a fruit. And that it was hidden for years. In other words, he was a closet queen.

Now I understand another book is about to come out that says Errol Flynn was a fag, too.

Should I believe any of this crap?

W.F.B., Santa Clara, Ca.

Dear W.:

Sure. If you also believe you can catch the clap from a toilet seat.

Sadly, both Power and Flynn are dead, and not able to defend themselves.

The creeps that have written the books both know that.

That's why those books were written now, not during the lifetimes of the handsome Irish stars.

Feel free, though, to question both the motives and the sexual persuasion of the hacks whose wet-dreams, self-inflicted, hit print.

HELLO, MISS MARVELOUS:

I love your moo-moos. Do you butt fuck?

Clyde R., Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Clyde:

Nope. So pull up your pants and stand up straight.

DEAR USCHI:

A friend of mine in New York has the most incredible luck and success with absolutely gorgeous models and actresses. I can't figure it out.

He's not handsome, just an average looking guy, and he's not loaded either. Just keeping his head above water, making a mediocre buck.

Yet he's always got a knockout dame on his arm.

I can't figure out how he meets them, and he won't tell me.

Do you have any ideas on any of this? Sure would appreciate your help, because it's got me buffaloed.

And I wouldn't mind knowing the secret so I could get some of that action myself.

Jealous Jimbo, Albany, N.Y.

Dear Jealous:

This may not be the answer, but I have a strong feeling that if it's not — it'll be damn close.

I'm sure your friend is utilizing a ploy that some of the smartest studs in Hollywood use. It's simple, and it's sure fire.

It's known as the Audition Hustle.

Auditions for movies, as well as for Broadway shows, are listed daily in various trade publications.

Also, the savvy sensualists get to know the secretaries of the various casting agencies.

Thus, they're aware when the call is going out for attractive actresses and/or dancers.

Then they simply show up at the call for a quick glimpse of the ladies. Next, they wait outside until the girl of their choice has completed her audition, and they catch her as she leaves.

Now, since auditions are the most trying times in the life of any performer, the times when they are risking everything and are thus filled with fears of rejection and failure, these are the moments when a girl is most vulnerable.

And since, say 97 percent of those who show up for the "cattle call" are going to be rejected, these are also the moments when a gal, no matter how stunning she is, needs an ego boost.

And if even an average guy walks up to her at this moment, smiles nicely, and lets her know she is appreciated, she does have a place in this world, the girl is often in his bed within hours.

It's that simple. And that automatic.

Good luck. Good hunting. Go get 'em!

DEAR USCHI:

I just saw that X-rated movie with Sylvester Stallone, the one where he's totally naked, exposing even his bird. Man, is that thing tiny. He must have been nuts. My two-year-old kid already has a longer and fatter schwantz. What do you think?

Curious, Broadland, S.D.

Dear Curious:

Get your kid an agent. He has a big future in front of him.

DEAR USCHI:

I don't know if you get many letters from women, but here's one. I'm ashamed to bring this up, but if I don't tell someone soon I'm afraid I'll have a mental breakdown.

You're the only one I can turn to.

Okay, here goes: I have an ugly vagina.

It really is. The lips are very very enlarged. I think they're also deformed. They also are a sickening purple color.

I'm so repulsed by these things myself that I refuse to go out with men. I'm afraid that if we become intimate — and I want to very much — they'll pull back in horror and hate me.

Or maybe worse — just laugh.

What should I do? Please help me.

Miss Worried in Denver

Dear Worried:

What you describe is really not all that unusual. Most women were raised to think of their organs as being ugly. That was said to put the damper on our sex urges.

In truth, most vaginas certainly are not, in the classical sense, "pretty."

But — and this is what is most important — to the majority of men the sight of the hairy triangle, and its meaty core, is the equivalent to a sunset to a painter, a sonnet to a poet, and Ft. Knox to a banker.

In other words, it makes the world go 'round.

Now, as to your "symptoms," I've checked with a gynecologist. All quite normal. Just as practically everyone has one foot longer than the other, or one arm shorter than the other, so labias also are not equal in size. It's nature's way of letting you know you're unique, and not cloned, or stamped out of a cookie cutter mold.

As to the deep purple color? Simple. When a woman is aroused, more blood rushes into that area, thus darkening it, or making the flesh appear more purplish.

So just relax. And remember that though it may look like a MacDonalds to you, to a starving man it's strictly Maxim's.

DEAR USCHI:

It seems all the goddam movies that come out are copies of other movies. First it was Rocky, then we're up to our asses in sports films. Then Star Wars hit, and space cum was everywhere. Next, Jaws, everything is horror and beasties — Fuck You, Alien, you prick! What's the trend for 1980? Am I going to be bored out of my gourd again?

Movie Buff, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Buff:

Not likely. If anything, you'll probably be as pleased as can be about the series of films the studios have in store for you.

And you're going to wonder why they didn't think of the newest trend sooner. It's pictures whose storylines are centered on the strong sex lives of underage girls.

About half-a-dozen tales of torrid teenyboppers are in the development stage now. And executives here are really excited about the boxoffice potential.

They feel it's the most original concept to hit the screen since cowboys learned to kiss more than just their horses.

Actually, this kind of steamy stuff has been done before in both literature and theater.

Re-read Romeo and Juliet. She was 14.

Now that Shakespeare, he sure knew what kids were really like, didn't he?

YOU CUNT:

You probably think your twat is mink lined because you're in all those magazines and in all those movies,

with those balloon tits of yours smothering everyone's face, and you know thousands of assholes are jerking their roots because of you.

So you probably think you've got the world by the balls, that you get only the best men, the finest men.

Well, you're wrong!

I've got the *greatest!* No snatch sniffer following you around like a whipped puppy can compare to my Frankie. Doubt it?

Okay, when he shoots his wad he can hit the *ceiling!* That's how strong his stream is. A *fire hose!* A goddam GUSHER!

I lay there and do my thing, and he watches and does his, and when his cookies pop — WHAMMO! — there goes the ceiling.

And when I give him head ...

Well, you've never felt nothing like it! Never! Eat your heart out, fuckface! What do you say to that?

Queenie, London, England

Dear Queenie:

Congratulations. How nice for your tonsils.

DEAR USCHI:

Among all the stars you've either met, or read about, or friends have told you about — what's the most times the guy came in one night, and who was he?

E.F., Seattle, Wash.

Dear E.:

That's easy.

Charlie Chaplin, according to the memoirs of one of

his ex-wives, climaxed six times in one session.

Possibly a more interesting statistic, though is the achievement of the late Porfirio Rubirosa, who played house with many of Tinseltown's most famous ladies.

He was renowned for being able to stay erect for more than 14 straight hours at a time.

Now that's really something. Though not necessarily a blessing.

After all, just think of the agony he would have been in if, during all those hours, he had no one to share it with.

DEAR USCHI:

I just read that the Oregon State Bar Association took a vote and decided it would not be unethical for a lawyer to have sex with a client he's representing in a divorce case.

That's pretty far out. What's your opinion?

C.D., Santa Fe, New Mexico

Dear C.:

Nothing surprising about that. After all, lawyers have been screwing us for years.

G

HOW TO WRITE USCHI

Send your letters to Ask Uschi, GENT Magazine, Suite 209, 316 Aragon Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida 33134. And for more candid advice and "inside" information, don't miss the December issue of GENT on sale November 5th..

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Silicone

Since liquid silicone gave breast enlargement techniques a bad name in the Fifties, the miracle substance has come back in gelatinous form to pump up many women's busts and egos. **BY JEROME SLAUGHTER**

How many times have you been out shopping with your wife or girlfriend and noticed an exceptionally huge breasted female cruising up the sidewalk towards you. She's wearing a stretchy V-neck sweater and her clearly defined jugs look like two overripe watermelons swinging pendulously from her chest. You try not to stare but it's impossible. The girl is so big, such a rarity, that everyone on the street ogles her automatically whether they realize they are doing it or not. After a moment of stunned silence your girlfriend shakes her head and says, "Silicone, I bet!"

Silicone. A chemical invention of the twentieth century, and a word often associated with big tits. It is the one ingredient that has made *augmentation mammoplasty* — the enlargement of the breasts by cosmetic surgery — the successful and relatively common operation it is today. During surgery no more risky than an ordinary nose job, plastic surgeons can insert silicone "envelopes" behind the breasts which are capable of increasing the patient's bust two to four inches and sometimes more.

These "envelopes" are not to be confused with liquid silicone which was carelessly injected into many women's breasts during the 1950's. Liquid silicone was soon discredited when it was discovered that it tended to drift through human tissue, often pooling in places other than those intended.

Since it is soft, resilient and similar to real breasts in both consistency and weight, silicone is ideally suited for breast enlargements. Also on the plus side, it is non-allergenic and cannot be absorbed by the body. And, despite what you've heard, silicone has been proven non-carcinogenic. Modern-day implants such as those manufactured by Dow Corning in eight different sizes are made of specially tested gelatinous silicone sealed inside silicone rubber envelopes shaped like breasts.

During the operation the patient is



Porn movie star and Farrah Fawcett look alike, Rhonda Jo Petty, three weeks after breast surgery. The scars encircling the aureola and running from nipple to breast fold suggest radical enlargement and nipple transposition — the actual relocation of the nipple to better suit the new breast form.

anesthetized and the surgeon makes an incision about three inches long in the breast fold beneath each breast. He then prepares a pocket behind each gland where they contact the chest muscles and, using electric current, meticulously cauterizes each exposed blood vessel to prevent post-operative bleeding. When the area is dry, the surgeon inserts the silicone envelopes taking care to position them exactly right. Using the motions of a woman fitting her breasts into a brassiere, the doctor makes sure the nipples fit snugly into a surgical bra's cups. An error in positioning and the patient could end up sporting a pair of cross-eyed nipples for the rest of her life.

The implants are not sutured to the chest wall since almost immediately following the operation, the tissue begins to heal by sending out little fibers that wind themselves about the implant.

Most implants have a backing of Dacron mesh or a trimming of plastic lace to facilitate the mending process.

There is a second type of silicone envelope currently being employed for augmentation mammoplasty. Called "balloons", they are inserted empty through tiny incisions and are then filled with a sterilized liquid through a little tube which after the operation is trimmed, sealed and buried neatly underneath the implant. Balloons are softer, smoother and leave a much smaller scar than gelatinous implants. But they are not as popular because they can rupture — even in a common auto accident — and are too round, lacking the contours of a natural breast.

Even before the horrors of liquid silicone, other methods to increase the size of the bosom had been tried. The earliest being the injecting of paraffin. Though it did make the breasts larger, it was hard and unnatural in appearance. You know what a paraffin injected breast looks like if you have ever seen photographs of the 1920's Folies Bergère girls with their impeccably round breasts that never trembled when they descended the gilded staircases.

For a brief time around 1945 another type of breast enlargement surgery became popular. It entailed transplantation of grafts of skin and fatty tissue from the patient's buttocks. It proved a disastrous technique since it left multiple scars in two body areas and because the body tends to absorb its own grafts which literally melt into the system.

Though it is hard to fathom, there are actually women who wish to *reduce* the size of their busts. This operation, a more major surgery, was first performed in France at the turn of the century.

The stitches and brassiere-like bandages are removed seven days following the insertion of silicone envelopes. But the patient must continue to wear a stretch support bra for four to six more

(Continued on page 90)



We're More Than A Pretty Face

You see, our models aren't stuck-up, high-fashion bitches. And we don't feature 18-year-old chicks with bony butts, either. Our gals are well-stacked ladies who are content just filling out their jeans. Sound like the kind of woman you're looking for? Look for us on the newsstand or subscribe by sending your check or money order to Gent Subscriptions, Box 31, Mt. Morris, IL 61054. Our rates for 12 issues: \$24.00 in the U.S.; \$27.00 in Canada; \$30.00 elsewhere.

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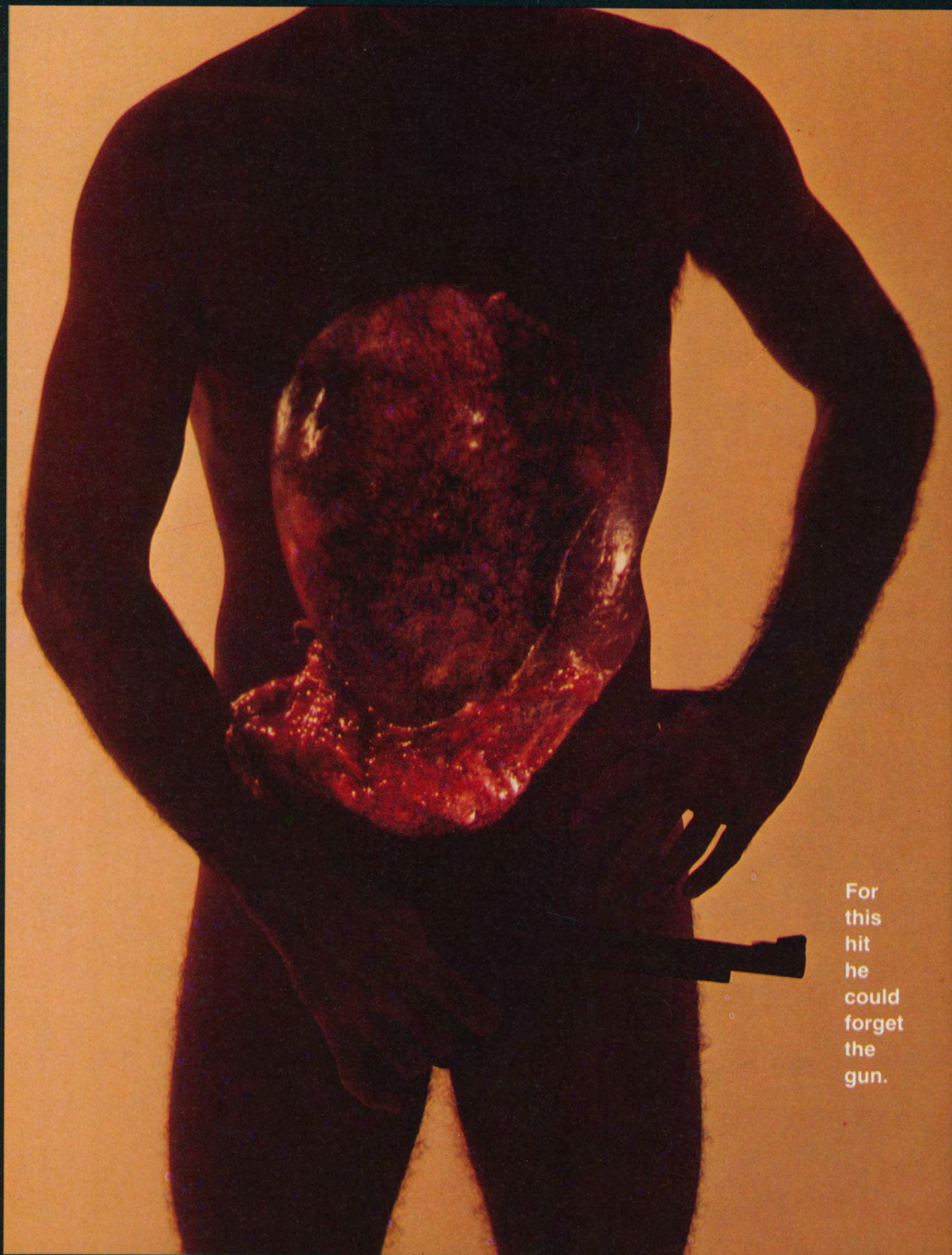
Big Bonnie Lee isn't the kind of girl that every guy flips over, but she's got that special something that drives some men wild. She's big, she's voluptuous and she has no sharp corners anywhere. If you bought her by the pound, you'd get your money's worth, 'cause there's a hundred and seventy pulsating pounds of quivering flesh on her lovely frame. Like a lot of fat girls, Bonnie is as nice and pleasant as she is big. She says that a lot of her appeal is that guys aren't afraid of her turning them down. "I look like the kind of girl who would be flattered to be asked out on a date," she says.





Bonnie Lee *really* looks like the girl next-door, not the kind that the other magazines always portray ... the blonde, slender, wide-eyed little fluffs who look pretty and brainless. Bonnie's the kind of girl you just know you could have a good time with. She likes to go out, bowl, drink a few beers, eat a pizza or two, tell stories and have a few laughs and maybe a little wrestling at the drive-in movies. "I'm no dream girl," she confesses. "I'm real and that's what guys really like." And Bonnie is intelligent too. Imagine, all this and brains too ... Holy Cow!





For
this
hit
he
could
forget
the
gun.

A new short story by Stephen King,
author of *Carrie*, *Salem's Lot* and *The Stand*.

Man With A Belly

John Bracken sat on the park bench and waited to make his hit.

The bench was one of the many on the outskirts of James Memorial Park, which borders the south side of Hammond Street. In the daytime the park is overrun by kids, mothers wheeling prams, and old men with bags of crumbs for the pigeons. At night it belongs to the junkies and muggers. Respectable citizens, women in particular, avoided Hammond Street after dark. But Norma Correzente was not most women.

He heard her approach on the stroke of eleven, as always. He had been there since quarter of. The beat-cop wasn't due until 11:20, and everything was on top.

He was calm, as he always was before a hit. He was a cold and efficient workman, and that was why Vittorio had hired him. Bracken was not a button-man in the Family sense; he was an independent, a journeyman. His

family resided completely within his wallet. This was why he had been hired.

There was a pause in the footfalls as she paused at the intersection of Hammond and Pardis Avenue. Then she crossed, probably thinking of nothing but covering the last block, going up to her penthouse suite, and pouring a large Scotch and water.

Bracken got ready, thinking it was a strange contract. Norma Correzente, formerly Norma White of the Boston Whites, was the wife of Vito Correzente. The marriage had been headline material — rich society bitch weds notorious Vito ("I'm just a businessman") The Wop. It was not a novelty to the clan; aging Don marries a young woman of blood. Murcer by contract was not new, either. The Sicilians could put in for a patent on that if it ever became legal.

But Bracken had not been hired to kill. He tensed, ready for her.

The phone call had been long-distance; he could tell by the clickings on the line.

"Mr. Bracken?"

"Yes."

"I have word from Mr. Sills that you are available for work."

"I could be," Bracken answered. Benny Sills was one of several contact men who passed information from one end of a potential contract to the other, a kind of booking agent. He ran a hockshop in a large eastern city where he also bankrolled independent smash-and-grab teams of proven reputation and sold heavy-caliber weapons to dubious political groups.

"My name is Benito Torreos. Do you know it?"

"Yes." Torreos was the right-hand man — *consigliare* was the word, Bracken thought — of Vito Correzente.

"Good. There is a letter for you in your hotel box, Mr. Bracken. It contains a round-trip plane ticket and a check for a thousand dollars. If you are indeed available, please take both. If not, the money is yours for calling the airport and cancelling the reservation."

"I'm available."

"Good," Torreos repeated. "My employer is anxious to speak to you at nine tomorrow evening, if convenient. The address is 400 Meegan Boulevard."

"I'll be there."

"Goodbye, Mr. Bracken." The phone clicked.

Bracken went downstairs to get his mail.

Men who remain active and take care of themselves all their lives can remain incredibly fit even into their late years, but there comes a time when the clock begins to run down. Tissues fail in spite of walks, workouts, massages. The cheeks dewlap. The eyelids crenellate into wrinkled accordions. Vito Correzente had begun to enter that stage of his life. He looked to be a well-preserved seventy. Bracken put him at seventy-eight. His handshake was firm, but palsy lurked beneath, biding its time.

400 Meegan was the Graymoor Arms, the and top floor had been two \$1,000-a-month suites which Correzente had converted into a single monolith, strewn with grotesque

knickknacks and Byzantine antiques. Bracken thought he could smell just a whiff of pasta and oregano.

Benny the Bull admitted him, looking like an overweight pug who had found his way into his manager's wardrobe by mistake, and he stood watchfully at the door of the sunken living room until Correzente waved him away with one driftwood hand. The door closed decorously, and Don Vittorio offered Bracken a cigar.

"No thank you."

Correzente nodded and lit one for himself. He was dressed in black pants and a white turtleneck; his hair, thick and rich and the color of iron, was brushed back elegantly. A large ruby glittered on his fourth finger.

"I want you to make a hit," he said. "I pay you t'irty t'ousan' before and twenty t'ousan' after."

"That's an agreeable price." He thought: *too agreeable*.

"You doan have to make no bones."

"No bones? You said a hit. A hit means I have to make bones."

Correzente smiled a wintery smile. For a moment he looked even older than seventy-eight. He looked older than all the ages. His accent was faint, mellow, agreeable, a mere rounding of the hard English explosives and glottal stops.

"It's my wife. I want you to rape her."

Bracken waited.

"I want you to hurt her." He smiled. One gold tooth glittered mellowly in the indirect lighting.

The story was simple, and yet there was a beautiful circularity to it which Bracken appreciated. Correzente had married Norma White because he had an itch. She had accepted his suit for the same reason. But while his itch was for her body, her bloodline, and the heat of her youth, hers was a much colder thing: money. A seamy compulsion often forces a seamy liaison, and Norma White was a compulsive gambler.

Don Vittorio was being laughed at. It could not be borne. The matter could have been remedied simply and suddenly if he had been cuckolded by some young tony in tight pants, but to be cuckolded by his own wealth was more complex and contained a bitter irony which perhaps only a Sicilian could fully grasp. Her white Protestant family had cut her off, and so she had joined the family of Vito The Wop.

He had been one of the masters, coping easily with the changes from bootleg to gambling and vice to full white-collar organization, never afraid to invest where it seemed that investiture would bring a profit, never afraid to show the iron fist inside the glove. He was a man with a belly, in the Sicilian argot.

Until now.

He had struck upon the solution because it was fitting. It was cure, object lesson, and vengeance all in one. He had chosen Bracken because he was an independent and unlike many hit men, he was neither homosexual nor impotent.

Bracken took the job.



"How long have people
been verbally abusing you...shitface?"

It took him two weeks to prepare. During the first, he shadowed her for brief, unconnected periods of time, watching her go to the beauty parlor, buy dresses, play golf. She was a fine, aristocratic-looking woman with dark hair, a self-confident way of moving, and sleek body lines. He took a gestalt of her personality from the way she drove (fast, cutting in and out of traffic, jumping lights), the way she spoke (clear enunciation, Back Bay accent brooking no non-

sense or waste of time), her manner of dress, a hundred other personal characteristics. When he felt that he had her fairly well ticketed, he dropped her daytime activities and concentrated on her nights, which were nearly as regular as clockwork.

She left the Graymoor at seven and walked (he had never seen her take a taxi or bus) the four blocks to Jarvis's, the most opulent gambling den in the city. She always went as if dressed for a lover. She left Jarvis's promptly at ten-forty-five and walked back home. She left checks of varying amounts behind her. The pitman whom Bracken bribed said that an average week at the tables was costing Vito Correzzente from eight to ten thousand dollars.

Bracken began to think that he had been bought cheaply at that.

He admired Norma Correzzente in a personal yet detached way. She had found her horse and was riding him. She was not cheating or sneaking. She was an aggressive woman who was taking what she needed. There were no lies involved.

Admiration aside, he prepared to do his job. He reflected that it would be the first contract in his career where the weapon would need no getting rid of.

Now, on the bench, he felt a sudden surge of adrenalin that made his muscles tighten almost painfully. Then they relaxed and all his concentration focused in white light on the job ahead.

Her shadow trailed behind her, elongating as she left the last streetlight behind and approached the next.

She glanced at him, not in a fearful way, but with a quick appraisal that dismissed him as a pointless loiterer. When she was directly opposite him, he spoke once, sharply:

"Norma."

It had the desired effect. It put her off balance. She did not reach immediately for her purse, where she carried a .25 caliber pistol of Swedish make.

He came off the bench in an explosion. One moment he slouched, a sleepy head lost in a heroin haze. The next he had hooked a hard arm around her throat, choking the yell (not a scream; not her) in her throat. He pulled her off the sidewalk. Her purse dropped and he kicked it into darkness. A pencil, a notebook, the pistol, and a few Kleenex spilled from it. She tried to knee his crotch and he turned his thigh muscle into it. One hand raked his cheek. He had bent the other back and away.

Bushes. The night breeze made faint nets of shadow through them. He tripped her and she went down behind them, sprawled in the grass and gum-wrappers.

When he came down on top she met him with a fist. The birthstone ring she wore gouged the bridge of his nose, bringing blood.

"Nnnn," she got out. "Nnnnnn . . . nuh . . . nuh . . ."

He yanked her skirt up. The inner lining ripped. No girdle. Thank God.

She brought her heel down on the muscle of his calf and he let out a grunt. A rabbit punch caught him. He drove his fist into the softness of her belly and she wheezed her breath out. Her mouth opened, not to cry out but to find air, and her shadowed face was an unreal map of eye and lip and plane of cheek. He tore at her underpants, missed his grip, tore at them again. They stretched but didn't give.

Fists, feet. She was hammering at him, not trying to yell anymore, saving her breath. He tried to get her chin with his left and she slipped the punch. Her dark hair was a fan on the grass. She bit his neck like a dog, going for the big vein there.

He brought his knee up and her intake of breath became a small shriek.

He grabbed her pants again and this time there was a pop as the waistband let go. She almost scratched her way out from under and he drove the top of his head into the shelf of her chin. There was an ivory click as her teeth came together. Her body went slack and he jackknifed atop her, breathing in great lurches.

She was shamming. Both hands came down in a clap, catching his ears squarely between them. Red pain exploded in his head, and for the first time, he felt the strain of emotion while doing a job. He butted her savagely, and again.

This time she was not playing possum. Blood trickled slowly from one white nostril. He raped her.

He had thought her unconscious, but when he finished he saw her looking up at him in the dark. One of her eyes was rapidly puffing shut. Her clothes were tattered. Not that he had come out so well; his entire body felt raw and flayed.

"I am told to tell you that this is how your husband pays a debt to his honor. I am told to tell you that he is a man with a belly. I am told to tell you that all debts are paid and there is honor again."

He spoke expressionlessly. His contract was fulfilled. He got up on one knee, warily, then gained his feet. The cop would be by in seven minutes. It was time to be gone. Her one open eye glittered up at him in the dark, a pirate's gem.

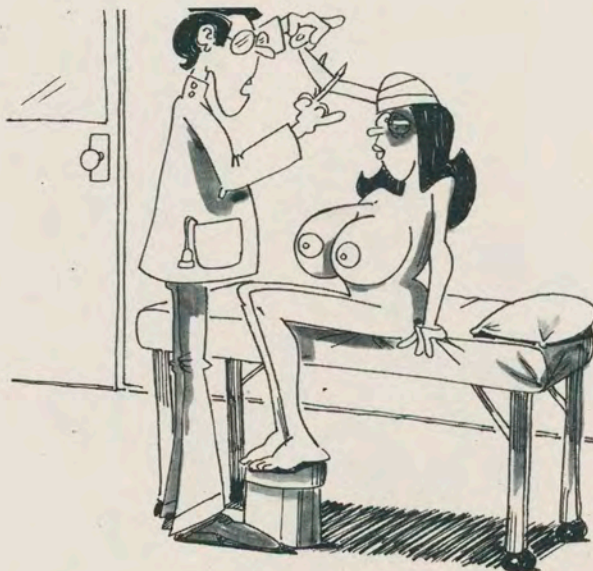
She said one word: "Wait."

Her second apartment, the one not even Benny Torreos knew about, was a walk-down nine blocks away. Bracken had given her his coat to hide her torn dress. They had only one exchange of conversation during the walk.

"I will give you twice what my husband paid you if you will do a job for me."

"No. You don't have the money, and I have never crossed an employer. It's bad for business."

"I have the money. Not from him. From my family. And I



"Next time you go horseback riding,
I suggest you wear a bra."

don't want you to kill him."

Bracken said sardonically: "Rape is out."

She found her apartment key after a hunt through her jumbled purse and let him in. The living room was done in varying, tasteful shades of green, a low-slung, modern decor that avoided the livid tastelessness of many trysting places. The only clashing, aggressive note was an impressionistic painting of a huge, canted roulette wheel which was hung over the lime-colored couch. It was done in hectic shades of red.

She crossed beneath it, reached into the next room, and turned on a light. There was a round bed with the covers turned back. When he walked through he saw that there were a number of mirrors.

She dropped his coat and stood in the ragged remnants of her dress. One rose-tinted nipple, dumpy erotic, peeped through shattered chiffon.

"Now," she said calmly, "we'll do it in a civilized way."

After, in the time of talking, she poured out her virulence toward the man she had married. There was a restful rise and fall to the cadence of her curses, and Bracken listened contentedly enough, poised on the dark knife-edge of sleep.

He was a wop, a stinking spic, a lover of sheep, a crude bludgeoner who went to chic restaurants and ate pie with his fingers; a grabber and a twister, a black-an-bluer of flesh; a lover of junkshop gimcracks; an *aficionado* of Norman Rockwell; a pedarist; a man who would not treat her as a diadem but rather as a brace for his sagging manhood; not as a proud woman but as a dirty backstairs joke to bolster the admiration of his pasta-eating, sweaty associates.

"A man with a belly," she whispered into the darkness just before Bracken dropped off. "I am his belly. I am his guts. I am his honor."

It occurred to him, as his mind fled to sleep, that the conflict of their honor had formed a bridge of hate between them that he now walked on, across oceans of darkness.

While they sat in the breakfast nook the following morning, eating doughnuts and watching legs pass in the tiny window above, she made her proposition:



"Gee, this popcorn's all soggy!"

"Make me pregnant. I will pay you to do this."

Bracken put down his doughnut and looked at her.

She smiled and brushed her hair back. "He wants a child. Could he make one?" She shrugged. "Perhaps lasagna is good for potency. I, however, takes pills. He knows I take them."

Bracken sipped his coffee. "Stud service?"

Norma laughed, a tinkly sound. "I suppose. I go to him today. No make-up. Black eye. Scratched face. Tears. How I wish to be a good wife." The black, charring note of scorn began to creep in. "How I want to learn the recipe for his favorite greasy noodles. How I want to give him a son."

Her face had become alive, lovely. "He will be prideful and forgiving . . . in short, blind. I'll get what I want, which is freedom of the tables. And he will get what he wants, which is an heir."

"You won't tell him?"

"Perhaps not." She was lying, and when she looked into his eyes she saw his knowledge and smiled with slow, shy guile. "And perhaps, at the right time, I will kill him with the truth."

"Would it kill him?" Bracken leaned forward with mild professional interest.

"If someone cut open *your* belly, would it kill you?"

"It would cost one hundred thousand dollars," Bracken said. "Forty before conception and sixty after. Have you got that kind of money?"

"Yes."

He nodded. "All right." He paused. "It's a funny hit, you know that? A funny hit."

She laughed.

He returned to the Graymoor that afternoon and collected the rest of his money. Correzepte was smiling and robust. Bracken was thanked profusely. More business would be thrown his way. Bracken nodded, and Correzepte leaned toward him in a fatherly way.

"Can you keep your mouth shut about all this?"

"I always keep my mouth shut," Bracken said, and left.

Benny the Bull gave him a handshake and an envelope containing a plane ticket to Cleveland. Once there, Bracken bought a used car and drove back. He took up residence in Norma Correzepte's second apartment. She brought him a carton of paperback novels. He read them and watched old movies on TV. He did not go out even when it would have been safe to go out. They made sex regularly. It was like being in a very plush jail. Ten weeks after the contract with Don Vittorio had been fulfilled, she killed the rabbit.

Bracken left town again.

He was in Palm Springs, and the phone connection was very bad.

"Mr. Bracken?"

"Yes. Talk louder, please." Bracken was dressed in sweaty tennis whites; the girl on the bed wore only her skin. A tennis racket dangled from one hand. She swished at the air with it idly, watching Bracken with the nearly expressionless eyes of experienced desire.

"This is Benito Torreos, Mr. Bracken."

"Yes."

"You did a job for my Don seven months ago. You remember?"

"Yes." New sweat began to crawl down his back.

"He wants to see you. He's dying."

Bracken thought carefully, knowing his life almost certainly depended on his next words. He did not see what he had done as a double-cross; he had fulfilled two separate and exclusive contracts, and had been able to vacation from then until now on his earnings. But the old man would see it as a cross, a stain on his pride and good faith. He was a man with a belly.

"Why does he want to see me?"

"To ask a question."

The connection was very bad, and Bracken knew that to simply replace the instrument in its cradle would likely mean death. The family has a long arm. It was either go to Vito or run, and the connection was very bad.

"How is Mrs. Correzente?" He asked politely.

"Dead," Benny Torreos said flatly. "She died last month, in childbirth."

The bedroom was gothic shades of white on white — rug, walls, ceiling, curtains, even the sky beyond the windows. A steady drizzle was falling outside the Graymoor. Don Vito, shrunken to the size of a jockey twisted from the black of his horse, lay immured in his death-bed, which was also white.

He lifted one hand to Bracken. It shook briefly in the air, then dropped to the snowy coverlet again. There was a soft

click as Torreos left them, closing the door to rejoin the relatives in the front room. The women out there were dressed in black, and shawled. Even the business suits of their men seemed old-fashioned, as if death had dragged Sicily back into the fabric of the clothes and of the wearers by force.

Bracken went to the bed. The old man's face had fallen away to a skull. There was a sour smell that seemed to come from the folds of his flesh. His mouth had been twisted down cruelly on the left side, and the left hand was claw-fingered and frozen.

"Bracken," Correzente said. His voice was blurred and cottony. The operative side of his face lifted in a grotesque smile while the other side remained impassive. "I must tell you. I —"

"Benny said you had a question."

"Yes." The word came out *yeth*. "But I must . . . tell you."

"Tell me what?"

"They told me you did a good job. You do. You have killed my wife and me."

"I did my job."

"Pride," the old man said, and smiled apologetically. "Pride . . ."

He seemed to gather himself. "She promised to be a good wife, a dutiful wife. She said she had been taking pills but these pills were no more. She said she would bear me a son.

"We made love together. But I am old. She asked if it was too much for me." The skull smile again. "Should I tell my chastened wife that I am no more a man? No, I say. No too much.

"We make love more. And I, I have a stroke. A little blood vessel up here" — he tapped his head gravely — "goes pop, like a balloon. The doctor comes and says, No more, Vito. You will kill yourself. And I say, yes, more. Until I have put a child in her.

"Pride . . ."

"Then the doctor say, You have done this. You have made a baby at seventy-eight. He say, I would give you a cigar, Vito, but you must smoke no more cigars."

Bracken shifted his legs. The whiteness of the room was oppressive, creeping.

"I am overjoy. I am a man, much man. I have a belly. The

house is filled with my family. We have, oh, the word is for much food —"

"Banquet," Bracken said.

"Yes, and I sit at the head of the table, then rise. My wife, she rises. I toast her with wine and tell them. I say, I have given my belly to my wife!

"I am the happiness of the world. I am beyond laughings and dirty jokes. I give her money for the wheels and tables. I give her what she wants. Then one night, we argue. Much hard words pass. And then . . . I have this. Pain. One eye goes blind. She saw it and screamed. She runs for the telephone in the living room with her belly before her. I try to call but am down a dark hole. When I wake up, they tell me she has fallen on the steps going down from here to the living room. They tell me she is in the hospital. Then they tell. . . " The hand rose again. "*Fut*," Don Vito said. The dreadful smile came and went.

Correzente was visibly tired now. His eyes closed, then opened slowly, as if weighted.

"You see?" he whispered. "The irony?"

"Benny said you had a question," Bracken said.

The dead face looked up at him steadily. "The baby lives," he said. "They tell me this. In a glass house."

"Incubator."

"They say the baby has pretty blue eyes."

Bracken said nothing.

"You made one of Norma's eyes black. But they were brown. And there is no blue-eyed Sicilian."

"Benny said you had a question," Bracken said.

"I have ask my question. My doctor says, it's genes. I do not know genes. I only know what a dying man lies in bed and thinks. How she was prideful and how she could wait."

Bracken looked down at him, his mind a thousand miles away. He thought of the blonde, how she served, the brown flesh of her legs below the blinding white of her skirt, the flickering glimpse of her panties, the fan of her hair on the pillow, her trained tennis muscles.

"How stupid you are," he said to the old man, softly. He leaned forward, breathing in the scent of Correzente's doom. "Death has made you senile. I have my own belly. Do you think I would take my own leavings?"

A line of spittle was making a slow trek down from the corner of the old man's mouth to his chin.

"The baby's eyes will go brown. Too bad you won't see it. Goodbye, stupid old man."

He got up. The room was white and full of death. He left and went back to Palm Springs. **G**



"...And this is for deflating before I had an orgasm!"

Can Adultery Save Your Marriage ?





“Yes, it can!” say an ever-increasing number of doctors and clergymen who advocate adultery to keep a marriage alive and well.

BY FRANK THISTLE

One noontime not long ago, a group of six, sexy gals marched along Montgomery Street in San Francisco holding a bedsheet banner calling for “Successful Adultery for the Happily Married Man.” Before long a crowd of curious businessmen — mostly married — collected around the daring demonstrators. Cecily Katz, the leader of the bold band, advocated adultery in no uncertain words.

“Married men should spread their favors around more evenly,” she told her attentive audience. “Admit it to yourself. You do commit adultery, anyway. Do it right. Do it without guilt and hangups.”

Miss Katz, a very attractive Korean divorcee, got an enthusiastic reception. Understandably, the cute crusaders against “an antiquated moral code” received — along with appreciative male stares — many requests for their telephone numbers.

“I’m afraid you’re not ready yet for a guilt-free affair,” Miss Katz told one would-be adulterer. “That’s the whole point of our crusade.”

The demonstrators pressed on their predominantly male audience copies — at \$1.95 — of a paperback called appropriately, “Successful Adultery for the Happily Married Man.”

“It contains our philosophy for philandery,” Miss Katz said, smiling winsomely. “Once you’ve read it, you may be ready.”

Many men succumbed to her sales pitch and bought the book. Later, Miss Katz — guiding spirit of a San Francisco group dubbed “Adulterers Anonymous” — explained that she was a confirmed, serious believer in “the benefits of adultery” for men and women.

“My former marriage convinced me

of the need to do away with selfish, possessive love,” said the dark-eyed crusader, a poet and quality control coordinator in the fashion industry. “We were so happy and passionate at the beginning of our marriage. Then he got restless and didn’t know what to do with himself. He felt too guilt-ridden to commit adultery. If he had, our marriage might have been saved.”

Wouldn’t she have felt jealous if her husband had strayed?

“Why should I? As long as a wife gets her share of love, why should she begrudge her husband an extra measure of happiness?”

The “arrangement” allows a wife more time for other interests, including other lovers, she noted sweetly.

“Women are more romantic but just as erotic as men,” she said. “They love being made love to on the grass on a sunny afternoon — when their husbands are at work and another eligible male could help out. She could return from such an experience happy and ready to welcome her business-harried husband with renewed spirit. Three people would be the happier for it.”

Husbands in the Orient, including her native Korea, “commit adultery all the time and women accept it as a fact of life.” Unfortunately, in her view, an Oriental double-standard prevents women from enjoying the same freedom — something she would like to remedy with her current crusade. As a parting message, she pointed to the last paragraph of the adulterer’s handbook — written by two men — to which she subscribes.

“May your alibis always hold and your wife’s love increase. May you leave your mistresses enriched for lovers to come and may you extricate yourself with all the adroitness with which you

made your first entry. Joy!"

One of the Bible's Ten Commandments is "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery." But why should adultery be a sin? Think about it. The human animal is not instinctively monogamous. This is a simple anthropological fact. Men are neither naturally nor traditionally faithful.

A recent study at Yale University of 185 societies reveals that only about five per cent were monogamies in which all extramarital relations for men were forbidden or disapproved. In light of this it is hard to fathom why adultery should be looked upon as something of a "crime" in our society today. Thank God this antiquated notion is dying.

An ever-increasing number of enlightened doctors and clergymen are advocating adultery in some cases to keep a marriage alive and well. One of them is Dr. Albert Ellis, a New York psychologist and executive director of the Institute for Rational Living. He feels that romance is not lasting and that, to keep a marriage together, adultery may be a good thing for some couples. He said this does not mean that "all of us should jazz up our humdrum lives with extramarital affairs." But he noted that many people "want to experience at least one orgasmic experience before they die."

Dr. Ellis recently expressed his views on adultery in a speech before the American Psychological Association. He said: "It would appear that in our Judaeo-Christian society healthy adultery is possible. People are not truly monogamous and romantic love is not durable. Romantic love tends to last no more than three to five years, especially if the participants are under the same roof.

"...Unhealthy adulterers are hostile to their wives, use an affair to boost their egos and to avoid coming to grips with home problems."

"The man who has been married for 30 years and says he never wanted another woman is to be suspected of being biologically or psychologically abnormal," he said. "The healthy adulterer can carry on an affair without destroying his marriage or family rela-

tionship. He accepts his desires and acts and does not condemn or punish himself or use an adulterous affair to ignore problems in his home life. He is self-tolerant and accepts the fact that the world is a rough place. He lives happily as best he can, and is not driven to adultery as a refuge."

The eminent psychologist said unhealthy adulterers are hostile to their wives and use an affair for ego-boosting and avoid coming to grips with home problems. Marriage can be made slightly more tolerable through extramarital affairs, according to Ellis who said, tongue-in-cheek, that in some cases adultery can be better than playing Mah Jongg or watching television.

Psy psychiatrist Beverley T. Mead also believes adultery can be good for a marriage. He is impressed by the number of husbands and wives who say that a single, furtive incident of adultery didn't harm their marriage and may even have strengthened it. They may be rationalizing, he says, but then he is also reminded that prostitutes say they have saved more marriages than they have disrupted.

"I am inclined to agree with them," says Dr. Mead, chairman of the psychiatric department at Creighton University in Omaha. "Adultery that occurs as an isolated incident, once or a few times and without the spouse's knowledge, is the most common type that I encounter in clinical histories. In most cases the episode did not have much effect on the marriage relationship. If the marriage is affected, the effect is as likely to be positive as negative. While a betrayal of trust, such escapades involve very little emotional investment. It is common to hear such comments as 'I don't really know why I did it, I didn't really love her (or him) and it wasn't as exciting as I thought it might be.'"

A more serious type of adultery occurs repeatedly and involves a prolonged emotional affair without the spouse's knowledge. Often these involve people who work together or are family friends. In such cases, Dr. Mead hears such comments as "I feel that he needs me. I don't get that feeling from my husband," or "with her I feel appreciated. I think my wife regards it as a duty more than a pleasure."

In the third type of adultery, the affair is known to the spouse. In many cases, (Continued on page 34)



"It's okay to do your own thing... just stop doing it so often!"

Country Gal







Most of the D-Cuppers we find are pretty big girls. A hefty frame usually goes with an over 40 inch bust, but Sally is different. She's tall and slim and pretty as can be, but she just happens to be doubly-blessed in the tits department. Helen hails from Montana and says that maybe her lungs are so big because of the cold, clear mountain air she has breathed all her life. There isn't as much oxygen in the mountains so you have to have bigger lungs. Whatever caused Helen to develop a 42-inch bustline doesn't really matter. What is important is that she's got 'em and she was willing to show them to us. "I had a hard time deciding to pose because folks up here in Montana are pretty conservative," she says, "but the guys at the truckstop where I work kept telling me I should be a model so I decided to give it a shot. I was getting pretty tired of slinging hash and I hope that this is going to give me something else to do." Sally also wants to pursue her second hobby which is painting and says that if she makes enough money modeling she's going to go to the city and start taking art lessons. She likes to paint wild animals and she's pretty good at it. We hope she gets to the big city.





ADULTERY

Continued from page 28

the adulterous partner makes sure it is discovered, sometimes out of guilt but more often out of revenge because of hostility and resentment building up in the marriage. When the adultery is discovered accidentally, one of three things can occur, in Dr. Mead's opinion: (1) the marriage relationship may break up; (2) the marriage relationship may improve — after much soul-searching the married couple may learn to express feelings and communicate better than before; (3) it may stumble along in name only, with one or both partners allowed to continue an open outside affair.

Even some members of the clergy are openly advocating adultery. The Rev. John Andrews, writing in a recent issue of *Forum*, said: "... High on my list of priorities is the achievement and perpetuation of human happiness. If adultery will contribute towards this — for all concerned — then I strongly support it. Similarly, if a marriage will benefit from it — then again I support it. In fact, if I were to nurture a person's guilt

by building a moral argument against adultery, although I may well be following the 'correct' Christian course, in many cases I would be doing what amounts to a most un-Christian thing."

"An otherwise strong marriage can be undermined by a husband who craves to be fellated and a wife who refuses to perform oral sex."

Rev. Andrews cited a case where he quite deliberately urged a man to commit adultery — and he even went so far as to find him a partner. It seems that after the man's wife had given birth to a daughter, she went off sex. And since she was a strict Catholic, contraceptives were out of the question. Her confinement had been difficult and she didn't want another child.

Says Rev. Andrews: "Sex therefore was a sore point for which their problems escalated. Celibacy did not suit her husband, who became increasingly

irritable. Consequently, they quarreled more and more until it became perfectly clear that their marriage was on the way out. At this stage the husband told me of his problems but there was precious little I could do.

"Then quite by chance, while visiting the parish, I came across this charming woman who was divorced and in her 30s. In our conversation it came out that she had no intention of marrying again, although she also made it quite clear that she had no intention of leading the sexual life of a single woman. When I asked, she immediately offered to help with the 'celibate' husband. I introduced them to each other and that was that. Nothing else was needed of me.

"This sort of case is by no means isolated. Adultery is of value in many instances, though obviously one cannot prescribe it indiscriminately. It is a very dangerous remedy, so it should be used with extreme care — preferably as a last resort — in which case there is absolutely nothing to lose."

Top sexologist Dr. Robert Chartham, author of *The Sensuous Couple* and a number of other books, is another authority who claims infidelity can aid a marriage under the right circumstances. The sexologist points out that while undoubtedly the chief causes of extramarital sex are the sexual frustrations and tensions built up by the lack of sufficient marital outlets, there are a number of other courses which are not widely recognized.

Says Dr. Chartham: "Take, for example, the man who has developed a strong fellatio libido, that is a strong, often obsessive desire to be fellated. In every other respect, the sexual relationship with the partner is satisfactory, but she just cannot respond to her husband's desire to be fellated. I have abundant evidence in my files to show that the unfulfilled fellatio libido can build up frustrations and tensions equal to those built up by insufficient lovemaking, and that these frustrations and tensions can reach such proportions that the relationship, good though it is, can be eventually undermined.

"Are both partners to allow the disintegration of their entire relationship to take place, when it could be preserved if the man occasionally had sex with an extramarital partner who was prepared to fellate him, and thereby relieve his frustrations and tensions? I believe that

(Continued on page 64)



"How long before she'll be able to give head again?"

Two's A Crowd







Penny, our new discovery with a pair of pendulous pontoons to gladden the hearts of tit-men everywhere, is a writer. She says that writing is a very demanding business and it requires that you spend a lot of time alone. "But I never get lonely," she says. "I write for awhile and then I call friends and chat, but I don't let anyone come over to see me during working hours because I can't afford to be distracted. I just tell them that two's a crowd and let it go at that." What does Penny write? "I do a lot of sexy stories and some True Confessions kind of stuff. I have this really lurid imagination and can really write hot stories." How much of what she

writes comes from her real-life experiences? "I'm not going to tell you, but as I said, I have a good imagination. And, of course I've had some interesting experiences. I don't spend all of my time alone." It looks like Penny has a good time writing and a good time on the telephone too. She says that she doesn't like to wear clothes when she writes because she doesn't like air conditioning and since there's no one there she likes to be comfortable. Penny's breasts (we're sure you've noticed them), are a super fifty inches and an inspiration for a lot of naughty thoughts. She is proud of them but says they interfere with typing.







She thought she'd give the boy a lift... But she's the one who went for a ride!

BY JOEL THOMAS

As Brenda dabbed marmalade on a triangle of toast she heard someone drop three coins into the telephone behind her. She couldn't help but hear the young man's conversation, "Hi, Ma. I'm okay but I might not make it home tonight — I lost my wallet ... I'm not sure. I didn't have it when I went to buy my bus ticket ... In a restaurant now. I thought I might have dropped it here ... I asked. No ... Well, I thought I'd hitch a ride ..."

Brenda swung her head around to look at him. He looked up from the phone for a moment and their eyes met. Brenda though she saw a trace of smile cross his expression. She returned to her scrambled eggs. "Oh, Ma, you don't have to worry, people are nicer than you think — I might even get home before the bus ... Yeah, sure — I'll be careful ... Yeah. Bye, Mom."

Brenda swung her head around again as he hung up. He picked up an overnight case and started to walk away. She called after him, "Oh, young man?"

He turned around and looked at her. "Were you calling me?"

"Yes. I couldn't help but overhear your conversation — I'm headed west on 84. Would that help?"

He put out his hand to shake hers. "Yes, it would. I'm Gil Cody ..."

Brenda pulled onto highway 84, accelerated to 55 mph, and glanced at the overnight case between the knees of the young man. "My, Gil, there must be a hundred decals on that — you must travel a lot."

"Not really. It's borrowed."

"Well, I was wondering — you look barely out of school."

"I am. You're a good judge of age."

"That's because I'm a school teacher."

Gil chuckled.

"Why are you laughing?" she said comically.

"I rather pictured you as a model. You're very attractive."

She glanced at him curiously. "Thanks, but I always thought I looked more motherly." Gil seemed to be admiring her breasts which stood out

rather conspicuously inside her blouse because of their size. "That too. What grade do you teach in school?"

"Senior high. Biology."

"I suppose you're used to all those embarrassing questions students ask about reproduction?"

"Yes. I'm pretty used to it now."

"Do you mind if I ask a question about it?"

"Well — sure, okay."

"The size of the penis — I've heard conflicting opinions about what women like. Are some really opposed to making love when the man is quite large?"

Brenda's face flushed. "That's hardly the sort of question I'm used to."

"Well, mine's very large and the thought's always bugged me. I'm sorry. I just thought you could clue me in."

Brenda Eastman couldn't help but glance at Gil Cody's lap. Nor could she help but see the generous column that extended along the inside of his pants leg. "I — I really don't know what to tell you. I suppose it would depend on the girl — um, woman."

"How about you? Do you have a preference?"

"Gil, I don't know if you considered that a tactful question or not, but it isn't. You don't go around asking even a biology teacher what her sexual preferences are. What's more, this conversation has gotten a little out of hand. I'd feel more at ease if it went in another direction."

"I guess I never will find out."

Brenda sighed deeply. "Gil, I'm sure you'll eventually find someone overly delighted that you're larger than normal. In fact, the odds are most likely in your favor." She smiled. "Let's leave it at that, okay?"

Gil asked to see the road map and studied it for a while. He looked up at the sun. "The heat's really uncomfortable, isn't it?"

"Yes." Brenda sighed and wiped her forehead. "I've been on the verge of heat prostration since we left the restaurant."

"If I remember right, this highway crosses a river up here a few hours from now. There's a place to park and shade under the bridge."

"That's a wonderful idea, Gil! We could have sandwiches and cold beer or something! I'll stop at a market."

She and Gil made their way down a rock strewn embankment and under the bridge to a small sandy beach. She spread a blanket and Gil set a bag of groceries on it. He ripped the tabs off two cold sodas — Brenda had had second thoughts about treating a minor to beer. "Doesn't that water look inviting?" she said.

Gil smiled and began to unbutton his shirt. "Only one thing to do about that." He discarded it and began to untie his shoes.

"What are you doing?"

"Going swimming, what else?"

"Now without a suit you're not."

"Aw, come on, you're spoiling all the fun."

"I can't believe it. Where were you raised, in a nudist colony?"

He stood and began to unbuckle his belt. "Gil, if you take off your pants you'll be walking. I'll leave you here."

He frowned at her. "All right, I have a suit in my case." He ran off toward the car.

Gil made his way back down the incline wearing snugly fit boxer type swim trunks. Brenda could make out his phallus which ran diagonally up toward his waist. She felt sure he had an

erection; she could make out the head quite clearly. She wondered what such a wonderfully large reproductive organ would feel like, and for the first time she couldn't help but fantasize the two of them making love.

He walked out into the water and submerged to swish his head around. He came up and laughed. "You can't imagine how good this feels. Why don't you come on in?"

Brenda ran up to the car and hopped in. She opened her suitcase and took out her modest two-piece bathing suit. She looked around to make sure no one was there to see and quickly removed her blouse and bra. A feeling of boldness came over her as her breasts swung free in the relative openness of the car. She cupped and turned them up to inspect the large purple-pink nipples in the sunlight. They were still smooth and sensual in appearance. She massaged her breasts briefly then put the top of her suit on. When she put on the lower half of her suit she was careful to tuck in all of the hairs.

As she walked down to the beach, Gil whistled. She smiled and waded in until the water was up to her breasts. Gil swam up and stood beside her. "Hey,

you really look fine in that suit. I still say you look a lot more like a model than a teacher."

She frowned at him. "Always sex. Don't you have anything else in mind? What would your mother think?"

He smiled. "The trouble is, you can't accept the possibility that someone just out of school might have the same sexual needs as someone older. I'm a mature man, Brenda. There's no getting around it. What's more, I think you're a real turn-on."

She gazed into his eyes, not knowing what to say. For a moment, she saw a subtle magnetism she'd never seen in other men she'd known; almost as if this boy was more mature. She shook the thought from her head and turned to swim away. But he lunged after her, turned her around and kissed her on the lips. She fought to get away but his hand held the back of her head and she realized he was too strong for her. Short of cooperation, she relaxed to let him finish on his own.

But a strange puzzlement came over her as his mouth moved around on hers. She could feel the stubble of his beard and mustache, and it dawned upon her that she might have underestimated his masculinity. It certainly wasn't a boy's kiss. He pulled their bodies closer and her breasts pressed hard against his chest. She could feel that he had an erection. She relaxed even more and felt caught up in his kiss. She let his tongue force its way between her teeth and meet hers. She let hers move invitingly around his, shocked somewhat at her own response. He let go of her head and she didn't pull away. Beginning to like it, she put her arms around him. But he took one of her hands and guided it downward between them. She realized where he wanted it. "No, Gil. It's just not right." But she let him guide it. "It's not right," she whimpered. "You — you're too young."

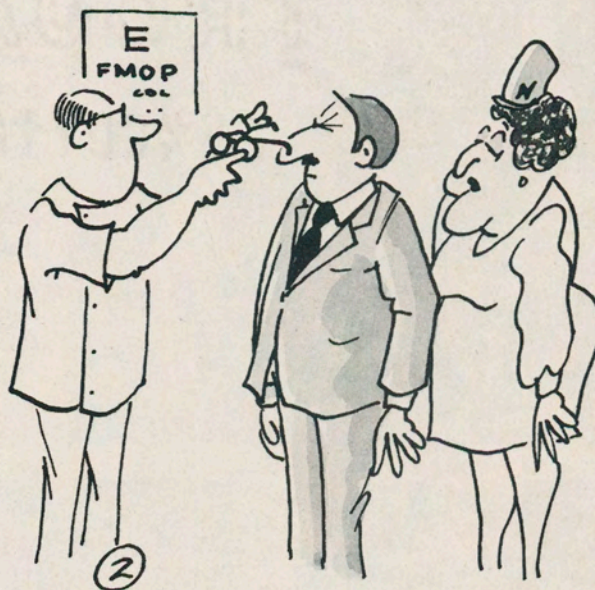
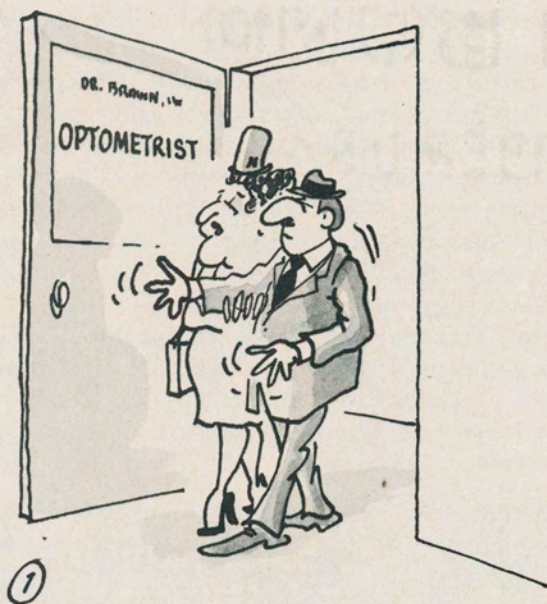
Somehow he'd lowered his trunks, and her hand touched it. Hard, rubbery in the water, smooth textured and large. Very large. She let her fingers feel it. The head nudged her palm. She clasped it, felt its length. Hard. So hard, and at the same time velvety. She clasped and stroked it lightly as they kissed.

Brenda felt his thumbs tuck inside the waist of her suit, and she pushed away. "Not here, it's too awkward." She swam and he followed to the shore. They walked up to the blanket and she kneeled and started to put things into the grocery bag. "We'll stop at a motel

(Continued on page 50)



"Or there's fun under me for fifty dollars."





Our Main Event

Gloria is back and this time she has boogied herself into the centerfold spot which, if you're a model, is almost as big an honor as being a covergirl. How did Gloria do it? Simple. She got a lot of fan mail and she's very photogenic and having a pair of 46 inch tits doesn't hurt, either. We asked Gloria what has been happening since her last appearance in GENT back in February. She told us then that she had a thriving clothing design business . . . making disco duds. She says she's still doing a big business. "I got into making a lot of see-through clothes which were made of polyurethane and I sold a lot of them, but that fad sort of petered out because the clothes were too hot. A lot of guys and gals said that they were getting so steamed up inside their poly-pants that they were almost setting their boxes on fire." Gloria says that nowadays she's making a lot of clothes out of Indian cotton. "They're cooler and easier to move in and they are just as sexy. I always wear my designs first and when I get out on the floor to dance, I always get a lot of orders."







Gloria is from England originally, and has a great accent which adds to her attractiveness. She says that she was surprised when she arrived in the U.S. that most Americans thought the English were very conservative. "Whenever I said anything that was the slightest bit risqué, people would look very shocked.

Good heavens, we English are about the most sexually liberated people in the world. The English practically invented kinky sex," she says, "but of course, being English, we don't talk about it much. . . we just do it! The French, on the other hand, talk about sex all the time and they are about the most conservative people on the face of the earth when it comes to the bedroom.



Everyone expects Frenchmen to be so sexy . . . sort of miniature Marquis de Sades, but they aren't. They're very Catholic, you know, and except for a reputation for a bit of muffing, they really aren't into wild things like orgies and bondage and spanking which the English practically started." Gloria says she isn't into weird things herself.







HITCHHIKER

Continued from page 42

..." But he kneeled behind her, and deftly unclasped her top. It fell into her lap. She clasped her breasts as if to hide them and looked around. "Not here, Gil. Someone might come."

Gil only smiled and pushed her gently down on her back. He drew the lower half of her suit down and over her feet. He stood, pulled his suit down and stepped out of it. His erection stood straight out and she couldn't take her eyes off the huge inviting member. When he kneeled, she drew her legs up, he lay over her, kissed her on the lips and she put her arms around him. He held his erection and nudged the head into her vagina. She'd never felt one so big. He worked it in and out near the opening until it was well lubricated, then she moaned pleasurably as it slid tightly in all the way. She'd never felt her nook so full and satisfied.

They changed back into their clothes in the car and Brenda drove back onto the highway. They'd taken another dip before they left and she felt refreshed and cool. Gil leaned half against the door and half against the seat, his elbow hung out the window. He was smiling at her. "You know, you're quite a lay. I didn't expect you to throw yourself into it like you did."

"Just because I'm a school teacher

doesn't mean I don't know how to make love."

"Yeah, but how experienced are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Like, have you ever gone down on a man?"

Brenda knew what going down meant even though she'd never done it. She'd had intimate relationships with three men in her thirty years and, even though she'd hinted that she'd like to try it, none of them had taken her up on it. That was in fact the reason she'd grown tired of them. Now, here was a young man to answer her dreams. "Of course," she lied, "but you said your home's in Albuquerque. We'll be there by nightfall. Doesn't look like we'll have time."

"My mother won't be too worried if I show up in the morning."

Brenda walked up to door number eleven and by the overhead light double checked the number on the key. She unlocked the door and Gil followed her in and set the suitcases on the floor. Brenda sat on the edge of the bed to take off her shoes. "Have you ever done it before?" she said.

Gil chuckled. "What?"

"Had oral sex."

"You're really hung-up about that, aren't you?"

She smiled. "It's been on my mind all afternoon."

Gil walked over to stand in front of her. He pulled his zipper and his penis

lunged out. The foreskin receded to reveal the entire head. "Blow your mind," he said.

Brenda tucked her hand under and lifted it. She'd never held one so heavy. She pulled and it extended easily. With her lips she touched it timidly and excitement flowed warmly through her. She took as much as possible into her mouth. It expanded and grew harder. Soon, it pushed against the back of her mouth, erect. He dropped his pants and she grasped the enormous column at its base. She ran her tongue and mouth around the head and explored the contours of the rim. Just behind the head the skin was somewhat loose but she could feel the hardness underneath. She let her teeth ride on it and felt a strange power over him, and a certain compassion because she knew he trusted her.

Brenda found herself wondering if he'd warn her when he was about to come. She wondered if she'd do like she'd always fantasized and go all the way. With these thoughts she closed her eyes and realized she was breathing harder and loving him more and more passionately. She couldn't seem to get enough. Minutes later, completely oblivious of anything else, she felt him take her hand and guide it to his testicles. She took the initiative and pulled on them like an udder. Moments later, he was coming in her mouth. She felt the hot liquid stream in time and again until she was swallowing it, drinking it like milk. She continued to suck until he started to go limp.

Brenda lay back, her eyes closed and she smiled. He unfastened her skirt, pulled it off, then her panties. He folded her legs back and began to lick her vagina. She'd never had a man perform oral sex on her and it too was something she'd always longed for. Her excitement already peaked, it only took her a few minutes to climax. Gil sucked on her clitoris until her spasms stopped then crawled up to kiss her passionately on the lips. She could taste her sex as well as his.

Moments later, while he steered her breasts around with his hands, she said, "How do you feel about me, Gil?"

"I think you're really special."

"It's disappointing that we'll be going our separate ways in the morning. Don't you think so?"

"Yeah. I do."

"Do you have a job here in Albuquerque?"

"No."

"What will you do?"

(Continued on page 74)

Shaping Up







Margaret has been exercising like crazy for the past few weeks, getting ready for a special happening in her life. After lots of modeling jobs, acting lessons, going to dancing class three times a week, and getting herself in shape, she has finally realized a life-long dream. Margaret has made a movie! "I'm so excited, I just can't wait to see what the reaction is going to be to my big movie debut." Well, if you want to see what Margaret looks like after all of her exercising, you'll find an ad for her movie right in this issue.

Gent

Then if you want to make her really happy, you can write to her in care of GENT and tell her what you think of her performance. "It isn't exactly the most demanding dramatic role you can imagine," says Margaret, "but it's what the fellows want and what I do best." And what Margaret does best is shake and shimmy and dance and move that great body all over the screen. She's a hundred and twenty pounds of prettiness with a gorgeous pair of 40-inch pontoons and the nicest little tattoo you ever saw. She may not win an academy award for her performance but she's a prize in our books.



Darkside

Though his computers checked out negative, a feeling as unanalytical as a “hunch” told him something was wrong.

BY PHIL BOWIE

Watch Captain Jay Everest felt even more cramped than usual in the nose bubble of his patrol tube as the small craft arrowed toward the blackness of darkside.

The sun was behind him and he was scheduled for a five-hour sleep period, but he wasn't drowsy and he didn't want a pill. The familiar, nagging fear was strong. Lately, the portion of every orbit that bathed him in the midnight void of the moon's unlit

lee side stirred a sense of unease in him, especially when he had little else to occupy his mind, which was most of the time.

He stared at his distorted image, smeared on the inner surface of the bubble. A stern face, more lined than it should be for its thirty-three years, and an uneven, close-cropped beard flecked with too much white. His eyes held only an emptiness as deep and as complete as the shadows of darkside.



For no logical reason, he found himself thinking of his Earthside supervisor, Major Velda French, a slender beauty with silk-black hair and dark skin that looked finer than satin and sometimes made a man ache to touch it, but from all evidences, Everest knew, she must have a heart as barren as his own. He'd never seen her smile, and she commanded her personnel with the cold inflexibility of a robot. The thought of her unaccountably angered him. *I've been doing this too damned long*, he thought. *This lousy job is beginning to get to me.*

Against regulations, he overrode the autopilot and used some of his allotted maneuvering fuel to flip the tube around so that, travelling backward, he could watch the sun set beyond the moon's craggy rim. The bubble darkened automatically, and he let his thoughts drift again as he watched the final jewel-flare of hard bright rays. Then, as the darkness enveloped him, a neuro-circuit shorted in his brain and he was suddenly overwhelmed by the sensation

of falling back and down . . . down toward the inked and frozen surface a hundred miles below. His rational mind told him it was only astronaut's vertigo, but he had to fight his senses more than should have been necessary in order to dismiss the aberration.

He recalled an incident thirteen years earlier when he'd been little more than a skinheaded cadet building up his hours in a jet trainer some three hundred miles out over the Atlantic on a hazy summer afternoon. There had been no horizon visible for some time, only an indistinct pall in all directions. The washed-out sky was the same smoky hue as the pale sea two miles below. Abruptly his brain clicked and he was suffused with the conviction that he was flying upside-down and his instruments were lying to him.

"Just watch your instruments," his instructor said calmly. "It's only a twinge of vertigo; everybody gets it. Believe those instruments. Always. A time will come when they're all you'll

have. No visual. No ground comm. Just those instruments — and you had better learn to trust them, Everest. The days of seat-of-the-pants piloting are long gone."

Over the years he had learned to respect them, even to let them take over most of the work most of the time, but something inside him had always reserved an innate distrust of all things mechanical and electronic.

His instruments were telling him now that all was well with his patrol tube. He was dead on his orbit, and all checkpoints down on the surface had been registering normal. He realized the vertigo was simply an illusion born of those deep-seated worries that fester in every man, whether or not he is willing to admit it.

Yet, he *knew* that something wasn't right. Maybe down there. Down in the black velvet of darkside. The sensation seemed even more irrational than the touch of vertigo, because he had no more to base it on than a hunch — a gut-tingling warning.

The computer display was showing a yellow signal: UNNEC FUEL EXP. The recorder would log that unwarranted fuel usage, and Major Velda French would certainly question him about it and reprimand him for it, but Everest didn't care. He flipped the tube to face the sunrise that would come over the far lip of the moon, and then pushed the acknowledge button. The yellow words faded from the screen.

Hunch. It's an antique word, he thought. *An obsolete emotional response, and in a line of work that's supposed to be absolutely emotionless. But I've always had hunches. I wonder if everybody does, and if so, how often do they take action on them?*

He wondered what exactly a hunch could be. Maybe it was no more than the end result of a series of vaguely-perceived sensory impressions, small clues — objects glimpsed on the far edges of the vision, or garbled words barely overheard, or the faintest of odors — impinging on the brain below the conscious level over a period of time. A man might develop a hunch he's about to get fired, say, by subconsciously adding up a list of facts: a log record of extra fuel usage for his patrol tube, more frequent summons to his supervisor's office lately for minor reprimands, and the knowledge that reorganizations are all too routine in the ranks of the Space Observer Service, especially shakeups concerning

(Continued on page 69)



"How do we know it's yours?"



Dress Rehearsal

We get a lot of strange requests from our readers who ask us to help them fulfill their fantasies by having our models "act out" a certain fetish. One guy wrote that he'd love to see two big-busted beauties trying on clothes in a dress shop. So, we rounded up a couple of sexy, well-endowed ladies and turned them loose in a London shop. For your voyeuristic pleasure, here's the incredible Clyda, who has graced our pages before with her bra-stretching 48-inchers and her friend, Leslie who's no piker in the tit-department either with a mouth-watering pair of 43s.





The gals got right into the spirit of the occasion, trying on dresses and helping each other wiggle into and out of various garments. They got interested in comparing their attributes and talking about how they had to have their clothes custom-made to accommodate their humungous bazooms. Leslie was a little envious of Clyda's bigger boobs so Clyda offered to show her a few exercises to increase her bustline. After trying on a few more clothes, the girls discovered that nothing fit just right, so they abandoned their clothes and went on to other things. "When you are built like we are," Clyda explained, "you have to keep in shape or things sag."









As you can see, the girls liked each other immediately. "It's nice to find a friend," Leslie says. "It gets kinds lonely being a pretty girl with big boobies. Women don't like you because you are too much competition and men are easily intimidated by a girl with big breasts. They think for some reason that you are probably very sexually demanding . . . that you're some kind of Amazon or nympho or something.

Breast size has really nothing to do with femininity or sexuality or anything. It's nice to have big boobs because you get a lot of attention, but sometimes big breasts aren't as sensitive as little ones. I'd hate to have little ones though. For one thing, I'd have to give all of my custom-made clothes away." Everyone has a fantasy. We hope we've helped yours along.



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ADULTERY

Continued from page 34

the preservation of the relationship fully justifies this use of extramarital sex. And I cannot see in these circumstances how the extramarital acts could be classified as marital infidelity.

"There are men and women, too, who have a perfectly satisfactory relationship with their marriage partners, but who occasionally have a strong desire to take part in mildly sadistic or masochistic acts which they know are repellent to their partners. If these desires become so frustrating that the marriage is threatened then; in my view, an outside outlet is justified."

"If both marriage partners agree that they may commit adultery, there is no breach of trust. Consented-to adultery is the best antidote to divorce."

Now listen to what psychologist and columnist Dr. Joyce Brothers has to say on the subject.

"Years ago, I thought that an infidelity would be a disaster for a marriage," she says. "But I've changed my mind about the dangers of extramarital sex — at least as far as women are concerned." In *Better Than Ever*, a book on self-improvement for women over 40, Dr. Brothers writes that "an affair can add a lot to a marriage. That extra sparkle in a woman's eye, that little bounce in her walk, those newly sensuous gestures as she brushes her hair back from her face or shrugs a shoulder, are all tremendous sexual come-ons. Her husband can't help but be intrigued. An affair can turn a dull marriage right around."

But Dr. Brothers disapproves of affairs for married men over 40, "not on moral grounds, but because the extra sex can be very dangerous — life-threateningly dangerous. An English pathologist has found that a surprisingly high proportion of male heart attacks occur in the course of extramarital lovemaking."

Dr. Brothers refers to Dr. Malcolm Carruthers, research chemical

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pathologist at the medical school of London's St. Mary's Hospital.

Dr. Carruthers warns: "The middle-aged husband who has a mistress may be taking a shortcut to an early death; by leading a double life, he runs the risk of living only half as long. A surprisingly-high proportion of heart attacks occur as the result of emotional stress during extramarital sex. The man in early middle age in such a situation is tempted into feats of athleticism more in keeping with his younger years. It's a case of striving too hard to please. For an average middle-aged man, making love to his wife is no more demanding than climbing two flights of stairs. But if the partner is a mistress, the blood pressure rises, the heart pumps faster — and the result can be sudden death."

Dr. Eugene Scheimann is one of the nation's top experts on the effects of sex on the heart. He is the author of *Sex Can Save Your Heart and Life*. He says adultery can save a man's life under certain circumstances.

"I know many couples who have rewarding marriages and who love each other despite the fact that they know that their mates have extramarital relations," he says. "Open marriage is popular today among emancipated young American couples. They promise to love, honor, and cherish each other, but they withhold promising eternal sexual fidelity. They believe that it is almost impossible for all of one's sexual and emotional needs to be fulfilled forever by one person. Open marriage or adultery with consent changes the old, restrictive concept of marriage. It gives husband and wife the freedom to live as independent personalities.

"I'm not talking about swapping or swinging, or ever telling your mate about your affairs. I'm talking simply about a general agreement to permit sexual freedom within the framework of a stable, affectionate marriage. Adultery with consent is an ideal partnership — a monogamy with sexual freedom. If both marriage partners agree that they may commit adultery if the need and occasion arise, there is no breach of trust, no dishonesty, no infidelity, and no guilt. Consented-to-adultery is the best antidote to divorce."

Well, sex fans, you've heard the opinions of a number of authorities concerning whether adultery can save your marriage. The consensus of opinion is that it can. So before you rush off to the divorce court, sample some strange stuff. You may live happily ever after.

TO OUR READERS...

What happened to November? No...you did not miss an issue. In order to achieve a more uniform national on-sale date, and improve delivery to our subscribers, we have revised our production and printing schedules. To accomplish this, however, there was a short delay in getting this issue to you and because of that delay we have changed the cover date from November to December. Subscribers will, of course, receive all copies under their subscription terms.

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Mammary Lane

Three Worth Remembering

A few issues have gone by since we last ran a Mammary Lane pictorial, so let's take a quick look right now at three of the lovely ladies who have made it all worthwhile. At left is a very sexy Miami girl by the name of Patti who we photographed on the balcony of a Miami Beach condo for the 1975 issue of GENT. Patti was primarily into sunbathing (as are most people in Florida) and as you can tell by the tan mark on her muscular torso, Patti was partial to skimpy bikinis.

Although Patti has a voluptuous body by anyone's standards, there are few women who can compete with Karen (pictured at right). As we have reported before, Karen is the extremely popular model who we photographed in California for our December 1975 issue. Her ever-present smile was literally contagious. Unfortunately she has since dropped from sight — it appears, never to model again.

Turning the page you'll find a shot of Anna Lou. For this shooting she was nine months pregnant and understandably found modeling difficult since she had no stamina. Luckily for everyone, however, she saw the session through and the resulting pictures delighted the readers of last February's issue.

Have any favorites you would like to see featured in future Mammary Lanes? Drop us a line! We can't promise anything but will certainly try to oblige.





DARKSIDE

Continued from page 56

captain-level employees who are showing symptoms of aging and loss of vital razor-sharp reflexes.

It was a lonely job, this moon patrol. Fifty-six hours on duty, folded up in a thirty-foot by six-foot patrol tube, and thirty-six hours off, with only the Service staff in the moon base for companionship. Four other men and two women, all unattached and all as lonely, withdrawn, and uncommunicative as Everest. It was a psychological profile that seemed to go with the job of space security patrol.

The Space Observer Service was a subsidiary of Worldwide Security Systems, Incorporated. It was a privately-owned agency set up along military guidelines to fulfill the terms of contracts with four free-world countries, including the United States. The four powers, along with three communist countries, had each established astronomical observatories on the moon, and complex, highly lucrative mining operations. It was common knowledge that the observatories were used primarily for spying on various regions of Earth, not for military purposes, but to gather information that could be used to advantage in the continuing worldwide economic struggle. Political differences had diminished as governments had gradually become so dependent on one another for raw materials and finished products that old-fashioned war was out of the question. Conflicts were entirely economic now, with the idea of the game being to control more wealth than any other nation. While all governments still maintained token military forces, none wanted to risk establishing a military presence on the moon.

There was always the threat of piracy, however — a thirtieth-century version of privateering. By far the greatest risk and expense in the mining operations involved getting the ore from deep beneath the surface to the huge stockpiles on the surface. During the early years of the moon rush, those stockpiles had been almost routinely raided, and it was widely rumored on Earth that not one of the mining interests was completely free of guilt. As a safeguard for their various operations, the four free-world countries had reluctantly agreed to a fragile pact prohibiting piracy among themselves, and had hired the specially-created Space

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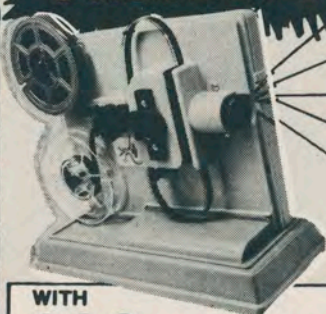
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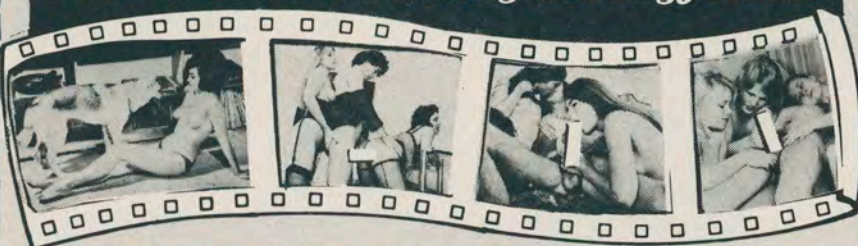
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Observer Service to guard against thefts by any other parties, private or foreign. A similar Japanese-owned agency was operating an orbital guard service for the Sino-Soviet nations.

I'm just a glorified watchman, Everest thought. And, like watchmen down through the centuries, he knew he was there more for effect than for action. The presence of the patrol tube was a deterrent to would-be pirates because it could electronically detect any activities on or near the moon that were suspect, take a videotape record even in near-darkness, and automatically relay the information through the Worldwide Security network of moon-based monitors and Earth satellites to the company headquarters in Colorado. The tube was, in effect, part of the biggest, most sophisticated burglar alarm in history. Captain Everest was along for the ride mostly because the contracts specified a manned orbiter. He knew he was virtually impotent to act. The tube was equipped with an outdated destructive particle ray (DPR) but he was under the strictest orders to obtain official permission from Earth headquarters before even attempting to use it. As an extra precaution the DPR had a built-in safety sensor that would prevent it from firing at any man-made device or any living thing, and the safety could only be released by Major Velda French. Nobody wanted any incident that might prove politically embarrassing. Still, the system had been working. Under the threat of the worldwide publicity that would now follow a major ore theft, no piracy had been committed for more than three years, and there was probably no more boring job in the solar system than that of a watch captain.

Everest knew the score as well as he knew the cockpit of his patrol tube — the patterns of worn-off paint on the thruster controls, the loose length of wiring that kept flopping down from the radio sets, and the flickering OHEAT warning light that was only the result of a flaw in the warning circuit itself, which the repair crew had been neglecting to fix for months. As Everest surveyed his cockpit he ran his thumb over several small tool scratches near the screws that held the main computer console in place. The scratches were new and bright; he was sure they hadn't been there on his last trip out. Odd. As far as he knew there had been no service either scheduled or performed recently.

The niggling fear that something was wrong grew more insistent.

On an impulse he spiralled the tube

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so darkside was above him, and peered up through the bubble. There were two free-world mining operations in the sector he was entering, British Five and U.S. Domesite Six. Both happened to be unmanned and temporarily shut down, Five to undergo test probing for new veins, and Six awaiting subsurface shoring repairs. There was a large ore stockpile near Six, due to be shipped Earthside in ten days.

Suddenly he caught sight of a row of dimly glinting lights in the flank of a fat, speeding shadow, crossing his course above him, leaving a faint blue-white trail and heading for the area of Domesite Six. It was only a fleeting glimpse, but he was ready to swear it was a Soviet ore transport. Yet, all the sensor displays on his console were blank and silent. Angrily, he punched the SCAN button and watched in disbelief as all the sensor lights flashed green in succession. Nothing. He was certain he had seen a Soviet ore ship, and in a sector where it could have no legitimate business.

Against regulations, he made a snap decision to land near Domesite Six and check it out in person. He quickly keyed that order into the computer, snugged up his harness, and tensed for the retro to begin braking the tube for a long descent. Nothing happened. The computer was ignoring the order. He tried manual override. The controls that oriented the tube responded, but the descent retro refused to operate. Attempting to use the DPR would be futile. The flight recorder already had enough information about this mission to make him appear a raving idiot, so he had nothing to lose by going all the way. He dialed the relay frequency that would put him in touch with headquarters, but his calls went unanswered. He switched to the emergency frequency that should have brought an immediate response, but that channel was also dead.

Then it dawned on him, in the form of another powerful hunch — the only explanation for the malfunctions that made any sense. Somebody had tampered with his main computer, programming it to ignore the presence of the pirate ship, silence him, and prevent him from landing in this sector. Hell, it's a perfect plan, Everest thought. Short-circuit the burglar alarm by monkeying up my computer, and just let me ride around up here, fat and happy. And technically castrated. Meanwhile they slip in and pirate that ore stockpile. If I'd been asleep according to the damned

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schedule, I never would have known a thing.

He let out a stream of oaths against the mindless electronics of the patrol tube. Somehow, he had to find a way to alert headquarters within the next four hours at most. By then the ore ship could be loaded and away.

He was coming up on the terminator. His bubble darkened automatically as the first harsh rays stabbed over the horizon, and then he was washed in the brilliance of the sun. Using his hand as a shade, he could see Earth, riding like a sultan's fabulous jewel. It would be early evening along the U.S. east coast. There were few clouds. The moon would be full in New York and Atlanta and Miami. There would be at least one pair of lovers down there, gazing up at the night sky. And somewhere, away from the glare of the city lights, there should be at least one amateur astronomer studying the craters of the moon through binoculars or better yet through a cheap telescope.

Everest spiraled the tube with his manual controls so the moon's surface was passing slowly by far above him. He crossed his fingers and made a fervent wish. The DPR was mounted in a turret directly behind his bubble. He flicked up the small bright red hood on his console and depressed the FIRE button briefly. He was rewarded by a searing violet beam that lanced up at lightspeed and made a pockmark on the desolate surface. As he'd hoped, the DPR had been programmed only to prevent it from being fired, without a telemetered safety release from headquarters, at living things and man-made objects. Everest was free to fire it at inanimate natural objects at will.

He took a sure grip on the manual maneuvering controls, ignored the flashing yellow UNNEC FUEL EXP signal on the viewscreen, grinned broadly, and got to work, guiding the patrol tube with the same innate skill he'd displayed years ago as a cadet.

Forty-nine hours later, Everest was seated across a massive desk from Major Velda French. She wore the barest trace of a smile, and that was enough to make him clear his throat and break into a somehow not unpleasant sweat as she fixed her pale grey eyes on his.

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Everest got up, leaned across the desk, and punched the button that stopped her office recorder. "Major French," he said levelly, "for too damned long now I think I've been wanting to tell you that I consider you the most beautiful woman I've seen. Anywhere."

Veiled surprise showed in her eyes, and she seemed to have no reply. She pushed back from the desk, stood up gracefully, and walked over to the expansive window-wall that was framing a moonlit vista of the Colorado Rockies. He crossed the room to stand six feet away from her.

She looked up at the sky and uttered a pleasant laugh. "Captain Everest, I think that using your DPR to draw that gigantic SOS on the surface of the moon was an absolute stroke of genius. Do you know that we received no less than three hundred inquiries within the first two hours? From amateur astronomers and photographers and camping scout troops and . . . quite a number of courting couples. That Soviet transport was only ten percent loaded when our reserve patrol tubes surrounded it. The Kremlin has apologized profusely, and they claim it was a plot conceived solely by that transport captain, with no official sanction or knowledge. The environmentalists are, of course, clamoring for us to erase your SOS and restore the surface. We can do that easily enough, but the Worldwide Security board of directors has requested that I delay the restoration for as long as possible. They see your SOS as the best advertisement the Space Observer Service has ever had." She turned to look squarely into his eyes, and took three steps closer. "One more thing. The board has also given me absolute discretion in choosing suitable rewards for you, in addition to the salary increase and promotion they have already granted."

"Major French, I don't think you heard what I was just saying to you. I . . ."

"Captain Everest," she said as she smiled and began unbuttoning her tunic, "I don't think you heard what I've just been saying."

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HITCHHIKER

Continued from page 50

"My mother said I'll have to paint the house for my room and board if I don't find a job."

"Would you rather find a job?"

"Of course."

"How 'bout in Fort Worth?"

"Is that where you live?"

"Yes. I was on my way to see the Grand Canyon, but I could save the money and support both of us until you find a job."

"In Fort Worth."

"Right. You could live with me."

Gil chuckled. "What would your superiors think?"

"They wouldn't have to know."

"Sounds terrific. Head back in the morning?"

Brenda smiled and nodded. Gil said, "Kinda calls for a celebration, doesn't it?"

Brenda reached down and held his penis. "What did you have in mind?"

"You got any oil?"

"What for?"

He put his hand on one of her breasts. He squeezed it until the nipple stood up then put his mouth on it and sucked as much of it as he could into his mouth. Brenda moaned as he swirled his tongue around it. He let it slip out of his mouth and said, "Have you ever had your tits fucked?"

"Fucked? I'm afraid not. How would you fuck my breasts?"

"Got any oil. I'll show you."

"There's some baby oil in my suitcase."

Gil hopped up, walked over and snapped her suitcase open. He returned with the oil. He straddled her midsection, and lay his awakening phallus between her breasts. He opened the spout and the oil poured liberally on his penis and her breasts. He set the bottle down and put his hands on the outside of them. He put them around his member and began to slide it back and forth between them. Brenda smiled and watched the head of his erection protrude and retreat from the top of her breasts. "Well, I must say," she said, "you know all the angles. Where did you learn this one?"

"I've never done this before. Just seeing your tits gave me the idea."

"Here, let me apply the pressure. I can make it tighter." Gil took his hands away and she pressed her mammary glands tightly over his pistoning erection. He reached behind himself and

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hooked two fingers into her nook and ran them in and out. Brenda thrust her pelvis upward and he managed to massage her clitoris as well. She watched the large head of his prick spread her breasts and appear each time he stroked between them. She strained her neck downward and managed to lick the head as it drove upward.

About 15 minutes later, Gil took her hands away, knelt forward and began to stroke the huge phallus over her face. "Open your mouth!" he cried.

She cooperated eagerly just as a stream of hot white liquid shot from the opening. It drenched her mouth and some of it went up her nose. He stroked it systematically and the cum streamed out time and again. She could feel it run down the side of her face, but managed to catch most of it in her mouth.

When the emissions stopped, and she swallowed, he slid down and once again buried his face into her pussy. He licked her clitoris for a while then moved down even further and ran his tongue up into her nook. She came moments later.

When her spasms died he crawled up to kiss her passionately on the mouth and face. She was beginning to like the smell of her sex on his face. When he lay on his back to rest she sat up, then stood. "I'm going to take a shower. Don't go away."

Gil hopped off the bed when she closed the door and put his clothes on. He walked over to her purse which was on the dresser and opened it. Inside was a smaller purse. He opened it and withdrew all of her folding money. He counted it. Seventy-eight dollars. He stuffed it into his pocket and returned the small purse and snapped the larger shut. He picked up his suitcase, quietly opened the door, stepped out, and closed it behind him. He ran off into the night.

About a mile down the highway, Gil walked into an all night fast food restaurant. He stopped just inside to look around. He saw one; a young woman sitting alone at a table within ear shot of the telephone. He dug into his pocket for change, walked over to the phone and inserted the money. He dialed the number on the phone in front of him. He waited a few moments then began this monologue loud enough for the woman to hear, "Hi, Ma. I'm still in Albuquerque... Well, I lost my wallet... I don't know. I didn't have it when I went to buy my bus ticket... Hitchhike I guess..." Gil glanced at the woman, and she smiled at him sympathetically. **G**

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Worth Waiting For

D-Cup fans everywhere will immediately recognize this fabulous gal. She is the ever-popular, beloved Roberta Pedon! We've had endless letters from Pedon fans asking when we were going to feature her again in GENT. Well, if you think an editor's life is an easy one, think again. We searched high and low for her, and just by chance, found another feature set on this incredible, stacked Italian girl. Roberta apparently got tired of the modeling business awhile back and split for Sicily, leaving a lot of guys panting and lonely. Fortunately she'd left behind quite a number of modeling sessions. Rumor now has it that she's back in the U.S., looking better than ever and that she might go back to work. If she does, you can bet your bottom dollar that we'll make every effort to get her back in GENT where she belongs. What makes a model like Roberta so popular? Take a look and you'll see the answer yourself. A face like hers atop a pair of jugs that measure a whopping forty-eight inches comes along about once every thousand years or so.





Before she quit the business (temporarily, we hope) Roberta said that she was getting a little tired of being appreciated for her body alone. "I need some time to develop my mind," she said. Well, if she has developed her brain to match her body, she must be smarter than Einstein. But, we know what Roberta means. It is nice to have a few thousand fans ogling you all the time, but there comes a time when the old bod gives out and then what have you got left? Of course, Roberta's got a lot of years left, we hope.







FANTASY LAND

Continued from page 6

As she takes it in, she wiggles her tongue all the way down, then swirls it back up and circles the head. It's almost impossible to hold back.

I try thinking of something else, so I don't come right away. But she puts more pressure on my cock and I know I'm going to shoot if I don't stop her. I want to give it to her the way I really like it. In her cunt from behind.

I force myself to pull my cock away and I make her get up. Then I lean her across the back of the seat. Her big ass jiggles. I grab hold of the massive cheeks, kneeling on the seat behind her, and spread her cheeks apart. Then I shove my cock in. Her ass cheeks slap against my abdomen. The flesh on her legs ripples up against my skin. I'm so aroused, I shoot off into her, thrusting as hard as I can. My teeth are clenched with the force of the orgasm. I get so excited, I bite her ass and demand to know what she wants me to do to her.

She peers over her shoulder and smiles at me. Then she turns around, sits down in the seat, and lifts her breasts in the air toward me. Pushing them together, she touches her nipples with her forefingers. I get the message.

I kneel on the seat again and take her tit in my mouth. After flicking my tongue over her nipple for only a few seconds, I can see she's ready to come. It's obvious in the way she heaves her chest outward and wiggles her fanny. As soon as I touch her clitoris, she goes over the edge. Her flesh literally quivers over her entire body when she comes. I can't help but touch her everywhere. Squeezing, kneading, rubbing, pinching.

But by that time, my bus ride is almost over. I wake up to reality when her stop arrives. I watch her stand up, waddle down the aisle, and get off the bus.

But I'm still horny! My stop is directly after hers and I don't get enough time to cool off. So when I leave the bus, I go through the back door of my company and hurry to the men's room. It takes me only a few seconds to get off. Then I feel refreshed and alive.

When the guys see my smile, they always wonder. I'm sure they all think I grab a piece in the morning before work.

My fantasies are so real to me, it's almost like grabbing a piece. Well... almost. Name Withheld Upon Request.

G

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Peter & Leslie Woodman: porno's X-rated writing team

With seven successful films under their belts, the Woodmans have proven they have what it takes to survive in the pornographic world of hardcore script writing.

Peter and Leslie Woodman reside in a cozy little cottage in Seaside, New Jersey, where they eat macrobiotic foods, practice yoga, cavort about in the nude, and write pornographic movies.

To date, the capricious couple has collaborated on seven X-rated features, as well as a few dozen "quickie" stag films. Though none of their pictures have been financial blockbusters, they all scored fairly well at the box office, and some are already hailed as underground sex classics.

Over the past few years, the Woodmans have developed a following of loyal fans who have been known to travel hundreds of miles to experience the outlandish film fantasies that Peter and Leslie dream up for the "titillation and edification" of America's sexually liberated multitudes."

BY RUDY MARS

MARS: Leslie, you and Peter have established yourselves as the hottest X-rated writing team around — sort of the "dynamic duo" of dirty movies. How did you two get started?

LESLIE: Actually, Peter and I first got together writing professionally for men's magazines. We met in the office of a certain California publication one day when I was up there rapping with the assistant editor about an article I was doing on fucking and food. You know, like eating food off your lover's body — that kind of thing. Anyway, I needed someone to research the article with, and that person turned out to be Peter.

PETER: I was up in the same office arguing with the art director about some hideous pictures I took for a lay-out on nude beaches, and I overheard Leslie rapping with Jenine, the assistant editor. Les has just broken up with a boyfriend of hers and she was in a dilemma as to who to do the article with. So naturally, I offered my services.

MARS: You mean you two just went home together and started rolling in food?

LESLIE: (she laughs) Not exactly. I invited Peter over to my house for dinner on Saturday night and I spent the

whole day running around, whipping up a really sumptuous meal. I went shopping for all sorts of erotic foods — like clams, breadsticks, avocados, spaghetti.

PETER: Can't forget the grapes and chablis.

LESLIE: I remember, don't worry. Before Peter arrived I slipped into this very sexy mauve negligee with matching bra and panties. It wasn't exactly see-through but it was pretty close. I also put on some soft soul music in the background and lit a few candles for atmosphere.

MARS: Did you eat all the food in bed?

LESLIE: No. I had a picnic blanket spread out on the living room floor. I remember when Peter first walked through the door he almost passed out in the pasta. He sprung such an adorable hardon and the cutie tried to hide it from me. But I just smiled at him that it was okay and slowly began to undress him. I removed his shirt, his shoes, and finally his pants. I could see that his cock was practically bursting out of his underwear and it was a real temptation to start sucking it on the spot. But I restrained myself because I had something more exotic in the works. (she giggles)

MARS: Please continue.

LESLIE: Well, we sat down and I offered Peter a breadstick. Very seductively I pulled my panties open at the crotch and gently slid the breadstick about three or four inches up my cunt. Then I whispered to Peter, "Hors d'oeuvres?"

MARS: Did he begin to eat it out of you then?

LESLIE: He laughed and insisted that I butter it first. Then he pulled it out, spread butter all around it, and eased it back into my hole. I remember I moaned when I felt the buttery stick sliding in so Peter got frisky and continued moving it in and out and in and out. I was getting so hot that I grabbed for Peter's cock, ripping down his underwear, and starting beating it in rhythm with the breadstick. I was so turned on that in about five seconds I had this explosive orgasm. That was the first of four more that I had during our "meal."

MARS: What other erotic activities did you engage in

during your feast, besides the breadstick number?

PETER: Oh, just the usual. Leslie licked honey off my cock and balls and we traded pink wine back and forth between our mouths. Just the very basic stuff. We didn't want to get too kinky. After all, it was our first date.

MARS: It seems you two enjoy a very inventive sex life. Do you get most of your ideas for your sex films you write from first hand experience?

LESLIE: If you mean do we try everything before we do it the answer is not always yes. That was true in the case of the film "American Sex Fantasy" where the producers insisted that we experiment with all the sexy bits before working them into the script. But sometimes a script requires us to write things that we really don't dig doing in bed ... like S&M trips. I mean I enjoy a good spanking now and then if I've been naughty but please keep the torture racks to yourself.

MARS: What is your most important concern when developing ideas for an X-rated movie?

PETER: To keep the sex hot and the audience hard. I have to consider that if a person, man or woman, is shelling out four or five bucks to see a sex flick they expect to be turned on. So my primary aim is to create a moment on film that will get their juices flowing. This takes a lot more thought than just having two people fucking on screen. That can get to be very boring.

LESLIE: What we have to do is actually create a scene that will seduce the audience — that will slowly work them up into a sexual frenzy. There was one scene in a movie we wrote called "Daddy's Little Darling" that is a good example of this. The lead girl Sandra Howard plays the part of the 15-year-old daughter of a prominent state senator. Well, at one point in the movie she comes home from school and sees that there are two young congressmen waiting in the anteroom for the Senator. So Sandy gets a naughty idea and sneaks off for a moment and slips out of her cotton panties. Then she goes back into the anteroom, introduces herself to the two young men and tells them that she has just made the school cheerleading team. And she offers to demonstrate some of the new cheers she's learned. So, as the congressmen sit there drooling, little Sandy goes into her routine of jumps and somersaults — every now and then allowing her babydoll skirt to fly up and reveal her honey-blond pubic patch. At one point in the routine her blouse tears and Sandy very innocently asks the men if it's okay if she removes it — it will be much more comfortable to do her cheers.

MARS: I can see what you mean by a seductive scene. I'm getting worked up myself. Please go on.

LESLIE: (she laughs) Anyway, little Sandy takes off her blouse and of course she's wearing a teensy bra underneath that barely covers her nipples. She continues her

leaps and turns and cartwheels — her firm teenage breasts bouncing up and down and the two men are barely able to contain themselves, sweating in their seats, their crotches throbbing with excitement. And by this time, so should be everyone in the audience.

MARS: How does the scene end?

LESLIE: Well, toward the end of the cheerleading routine Sandy does a split and lets out a small cry of pain. She lies on the floor moaning and the two men rush to her side. She complains that she strained a muscle in her upper thigh and begs one of the congressmen to massage it for her. And before you know it one of the guys is sucking furiously at her pussy as Sandy swallows and licks the balls of another. Of course, the Senator walks into the room right in the middle of all this activity and all hell breaks loose!

MARS: Do you ever have trouble coming up with ideas for new and unusual sexual encounters?

LESLIE: Not really. You have to figure that just about everything you can do sexually has either been written about or filmed by now. So all we can really do is develop subtle variations of the theme. Even Sandy's pantyless seduction of the congressmen was "borrowed" from an earlier film we wrote.

PETER: That's right. It was one of the early "one day wonders" we scripted called "Shoes And Sucks." The story was about this busty blonde who got her kicks shopping for shoes without any underwear on. When the salesman would kneel down to help her she would spread her legs apart so he could get a peek at her snatch. The woman would then purr to him, "I wanna make sure it fits all right. Please make sure it fits right." And then the salesman would dive head first into her cunt. Of course, in real life a salesman confronted with that situation would probably sweat bullets or pass out.

MARS: How much are you paid to write a feature length porn film?

PETER: We've received anywhere from \$200 to \$1,000 tops, which certainly isn't what you'd call Screen Writers Guild wages. (Leslie laughs) But that's is only for about 30 or so pages of dialogue in a regular PG or R-rated film. We will spend a lot more time working on a \$1,000 film than a \$200 film, though we try to achieve some semblance of quality in everything we write.

MARS: On the average, how long does it take to write a porno film?

PETER: The shortest amount of time it ever took us was about six hours. That was when we wrote the film "Punk Rock" on a bus up to Niagara Falls. By the end of our journey we were so horny and excited that we rushed into the ladies room of the bus station and made love in one of the stalls.



LESLIE: (to Peter) What do you mean made love? You made me suck you off. (then, to me) It was an amazing experience. He shot off so much cum in my mouth I almost drowned! (she laughs) It was like sucking off a teenage boy for the first time. There must have been a quart of sperm. I remember I couldn't swallow it all, though I tried. It just started running out the sides of my mouth, dripping onto the toilet seat.

PETER: I think it was a combination of writing the script and having sex in a ladies bathroom that made me so horny. You gotta understand what a turn on that is — the aroma of perfume and ladies' urine was incredibly intoxicating. Besides all that, while Les was sucking me off I could see through the crack in the stall door this beautiful black woman standing near the sink undressing. She was slipping into this tight red leotard. I suppose she must have been a dancer or something. I think that at the exact moment that she removed her bra I shot my load. It was such a turn on to watch those cream-colored melons just sort of burst into the air. I can't begin to tell you.

LESLIE: (slaps him playfully) And I thought you were getting off on me! (they both laugh)

MARS: When a film goes into production do either of you ever get called in on the set to act as sexual consultants?

LESLIE: Rarely. More like never. You see most directors wouldn't want anybody around offering them advice on how to shoot or direct a sex scene. They think they know it all and are on too much of an ego trip to let anybody tell them how people should make love. The problem is, often the director will be doing let's say an S&M scene where a chick is handcuffed on the floor, her head is covered with a black leather mask so that only her mouth is visible, and her boobs are tied up tight with rope so the nipples are rock hard and engorged with blood. The chances are most likely the director has never enjoyed the bizarre pleasures of S&M in his own life so he really has no "feel" for what should be going on when the guy unzips his tight leather underwear and his cock shoots out into the struggling girl's mouth. Capturing the mood of that raw, basic carnal lust is often harder than filming a scene of sensitive lovemaking. Most porno directors are businessmen with little film background who don't know leather underwear from bawls.

MARS: Have either of you done any professional acting yourselves?

LESLIE: Never. Both Peter and I have legitimate careers that could be jeopardized if our sexy sideline ever got to be public knowledge. Peter teaches physical education at a local college and I have a career collecting unemployment. (she laughs) The only time in my life that I was paid for sex was when I was much

younger and that was a real weird situation.

MARS: Would you mind telling us about it?

LESLIE: Well ... (looks at Peter. He nods okay, and then she looks back up at me) it all happened when I was a junior counselor at this sleepaway camp in Maine. I was only 16 at the time and I was still a virgin, believe it or not. Anyway, one night I was making out with one of the kitchen boys in back of the mess hall. He was a husky, muscular guy and I was real real horny and at that age I didn't mind him sucking my titties and playing with my cunt *outside* my pants. That was the limit set by all my girlfriends for what a "proper" 16-year-old Westchester girl should do ... What happened while I was jerking him off is that he asked me to put his cock into my mouth. I said "no" and he started teasing me saying things like, "I'll give you a dollar, five dollars ...," and stuff like that. I was laughing but I could tell he was half-serious. I joked back to him that I would do it for ten dollars. So he took ten dollars — which was about as much money as he made a week washing dishes — out of his pocket and gave it to me.

MARS: Did you suck his cock?

LESLIE: Of course! (she laughs) I was so nervous at first but then I got used to it. I closed my eyes and pretended it was a lollipop. Soon I was getting bold — you know, sucking his balls, first one, then two at a time. It was my first time sucking and I can remember trying to "deep throat" his entire shaft. And that was before "Deep Throat" was released. Since that movie came out everybody's sucking cock. That film made sword-swallowing a bigger American craze than cheeseburgers! Too bad we didn't write it.

MARS: I'd like to ask both of you how you foresee the direction porno will take in the next five years?

PETER: I believe it's going to dry up. But that doesn't mean other forms of entertainment won't take its place. You see, in five years the sexual revolution will have taken such hold in this country that everybody is gonna be *doing it* instead of *watching it*. And if for some strange reason you feel like paying for it, you'll be able to walk into your neighborhood massage parlor, lay down, ten bucks and get your nuts sprayed with whipped cream. Nobody's gonna care about sex movies in five years. There will be much better ways of spending your time and money, believe me.

LESLIE: (in answer to the same question) I believe that in the very near future what will emerge will be a beautiful merger of porno and Hollywood. We'll see quality, X-rated movies with big stars making love to each other with such emotion and intensity it will be a total mindblower and an absolute turn-on. I don't know about Peter, but I'm looking forward to a very exciting erotic screenwriting career. I think this is just the beginning of wonderful things to come.

G

**ANOTHER
TASTE
OF CANDY**



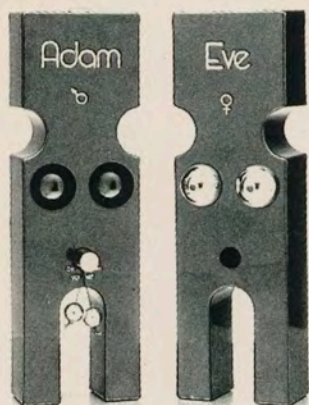


There's rarely been a star in the D-Cup firmament to equal the stature of Candy Samples. She has been around longer than fire but she still sets off sparks whenever she appears in a magazine, and 50-plus Candy has the perfect vehicle in GENT for the display of her fantabulous face and figure. She's the envy of gals half her age and whenever she's asked the secret of her success, she always says that youth is all in the mind. "Think young thoughts, hang out with young people, don't abuse your body and you can look good no matter how old you are." When asked her age Candy simply smiles and says that she's old enough to vote but too young to retire. We hope that Candy never entertains the thought of hanging up her bra because there's nobody around who could take her place. Besides her incredible nightclub act, Candy is also busy making films to fill the never ending demand for more Candy Samples.





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SILICONE

Continued from page 14

weeks while anxiously anticipating her new breasts. On some women the scars are hardly noticeable and fade rapidly. With others the scars can be unsightly and require additional cosmetic surgery to correct the problem. In any case, the incisions are hidden in the breast fold and remain invisible except when she lies on her back.

Unfortunately, breasts built up with silicone inserts have one little drawback. The body naturally sends out fibrous tissue to surround any foreign material it encounters. Thus the implants become encased by a fibrous wall making them harder to the touch than a normal breast. Since smaller implants minimize the body's reaction, most surgeons recommend small implants and discourage ladies looking to go from 34A to 40D.

"Women's breasts are much more than a textbook definition of mammary glands," writes Simona Morini in her book, *Body Sculpture*. "They are her most visible characteristic, the very symbol of femininity in all its nuances and roles... Women's breasts have always been the sensual and erotic preoccupation of man and, rightly or wrongly, the woman's index of her own sex appeal."

Silicone implants aren't for every woman. But for the childlike women stuck with little or no tits, for women with one breast disagreeably smaller than the other, for women with breasts shrunk by motherhood, or even for women wanting to go from big to huge, *silicone* could well be the catalyst for a new self-image. **G**

MOVING?

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The Super Cycles

In these dreary days of expensive yet low-performance cars, motorcycles can supply unprecedented speed thrills at bargain prices.

BY PHIL PHILCOX

Walk into any motorcycle shop on Main Street, U.S.A., lay down a few thousand dollars and step into the past when high-performance street transportation was available to ordinary people like you and me, four hundred horsepower gas guzzlers reigned supreme and life was an adventure worth experiencing. In those days, speed sold automobiles and anyone could challenge the competition at stoplights and experience the thrill of victory or the agony of defeat at a reasonable price.

If you think those days are gone forever because of government interference, the energy crisis and inflation, guess again. There's a breed of everyday street transportation available right down the street and you can walk into the showroom, pay the price and ride off into the sunset knowing you'll lead the pack. Top speeds are well over 100 miles an hour, quarter mile times less than thirteen seconds and if you're feeling guilty, you can even milk 45 miles out of a gallon of gas astride these beasts.

The secret is a handful of high-performance, precision super stock motorcycle designed for everyday transportation and long distance touring — all capable of putting serious dents in current land speed records. These are, believe it or not, regular "off-the-rack" two wheeled machines anyone can buy for \$2,500 and up (up to \$6,500) and considering today's low-performance alternatives, dollar-for-mile they're a super bargain.

While most of us covet the Porsches and Ferraris of the world, we're quick to admit actual possession is an unrealistic fantasy, so the Japanese, Italian and German motorcycle manufacturers jumped into the arena, dropped a high-performance engine into a lightweight frame supported by two wheels and introduced some interesting alternatives... all at a price we can afford. If you're not familiar with performance-vs-dollars invested, you can buy a Ferrari 308GTS for \$35,000 or a less potent Datsun 280ZX for \$12,000 and combined — one pushing the other — they couldn't keep pace with even the runner-ups in the two wheeled category. The 308GTS's quarter mile time (with an expert at the wheel) is 15.8, the Datsun 280ZX's 16.6 and even the Porsche Turbo (at \$34,150) trails at 14.2. You can invest \$40,700 in a Maserati Khamsin and break the tape at 15.6 which is about a second slower than a Honda 750 and two seconds slower than a Suzuki GS850 (both available for under \$3,000). With the purchase of any of these two wheeled rocket ships you almost get a written guarantee you'll get from Point A to Point B first and nothing short of rocket sled will pass you on the way...

if you're man enough to hold the throttle open.

The entire superbike lineup consists of a half dozen or so models in the 1,000cc and up category and ten lesser machines equally as potent in the 750cc and up category. Exactly who's leading the performance race at this time depends on who's doing the boasting but the top four Japanese contenders (Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki and Kawasaki) currently share the cup with no competition in sight. The BMW R100RS at \$6,100 and the R100RT at (hold your hat!) \$6,400 are running a close fifth and sixth but those wonderful guys who brought you *wienerschnitzel* and World War II refuse to compete strictly on top speeds and 0-60 figures — although they're respective enough. Instead, they hold their place by offering precision workmanship, an untarnished reputation for quality and prices that offer genuine snob appeal. For what it costs to keep a semi-ugly mistress in a walk up apartment for a full year, you can own any of these Bavarian dream-cycles and know you're riding the best.

This whole "blow-your-mind-at-a-price-you-can-afford" sales pitch started some years ago when Kawasaki introduced a three cylinder, 750cc motorcycle they dubbed the "Z" model which transformed what was reasonably sane, everyday transportation into insanity. Shortly thereafter, Honda introduced their first four cylinder, 750cc production model and the race was on. No match for the "Z" in performance, the Honda 750 could still break the 15 second quarter mile so they sat back in second place and settled for outselling Kawasaki rather than outperforming them. Aware that Americans thrive on one-upmanship, the other Japanese manufacturers tooled up for their versions of superbikes and today each offers a high performer you can ride to the head of the line once you learn the rapid-fire shifting techniques and muster up the courage to redline the tachometer. The end result is a wide assortment of motorcycles that are not only capable of driving fear into the hearts of their riders but are raising the hairs on Government's neck. With the current speed limit at a pokey 55, the Washington set questions the need for such awesome power and they're slowly rewriting the rules so we'll be protected from our own need to fly with two feet on the ground. Nobody ever said you had to be rational when you're spending your own money for thrills, so we continue to eat up these bikes at the rate of 25,000 a month despite the Government's warnings and threats.

Super Cycles

For the most part, big displacement motorcycle lovers fall into the "conservative" category (according to the American Motorcycle Association) who tool along our nation's highways at the speed limit, accepting the fact that "that's the way it is" but knowing they can leave the pack at anytime by just twisting the throttle. Speed requires power and power comes in handy when you're touring coast-to-coast carrying yourself, your old lady, camping equipment and a month's worth of blue jeans. Thus the manufacturers do their justifying for this touring power while they actively advertise stoplight-to-stoplight performance. When you get right down to it, performance is what sells motorcycles and performance is what you get.

Under the present rules, you can buy a stock 750cc motorcycle for just over \$2,000, wheel it out on the street, swing a leg over the tank and get from here to there faster than any of the four-wheeled competition you're likely to encounter enroute. If price is no object there's even an over-the-counter turbocharged Kawasaki Z1RTC that will get you there a fraction of a second faster but it will cost you \$5,000 to amaze your friends. That's the good news. The bad news is that Kawasaki cancels their engine and drivetrain warranty the moment you hit the electric starter, so you're on your own if you explode in a cloud of shattered metal.

In between the ridiculously fast and the ridiculously expensive are the mid-size performers, all capable of under 14 second quarter miles and impressive 0-60 figures. The Honda 750K (\$2598), the Suzuki GS750N (\$2499), the Kawasaki KX750 (\$1999) and the Yamaha Xs750 (\$2698) can all hurl you into the big time for half of what it would cost to buy a Ford Granada with blackwalls and AM radio only.

Stepping up a notch, the Honda CBX (\$3998), the Kawasaki KZ1300 (\$3990), the Yamaha XS1100 (\$3699) and Suzuki's GS1000 (\$3099) are the top performers, all smokers and closer to Lear jets in performance than mopeds. The question "who's faster?" can mean the difference between first and second place in the sales booth so everybody's stressing short bursts of high speed performance in their advertising and claims sometimes distort actual ability but to duplicate even the overinflated figures, you'd have to invest a bundle in a four wheeled import to even come close. Earlier this year, *Superbike* motorcycle magazine in England pitted a \$3,999 Honda 1,000cc CBX against a \$66,000 turbo-charged Aston Martin and the Honda won four out of five categories including 0-60, the quarter mile, and tight and wide slalom courses.

The performance war is still going on and what's ahead is still a mystery. Rumors are commonplace and there's the possibility of the first V8 hitting the market within two years. We've come from one cylinder to two, two to four, four to six and eight sounds like a reasonable assumption. Unless the Government steps in and puts a halt to this performance race, you can bet faster will be next year's main selling point.

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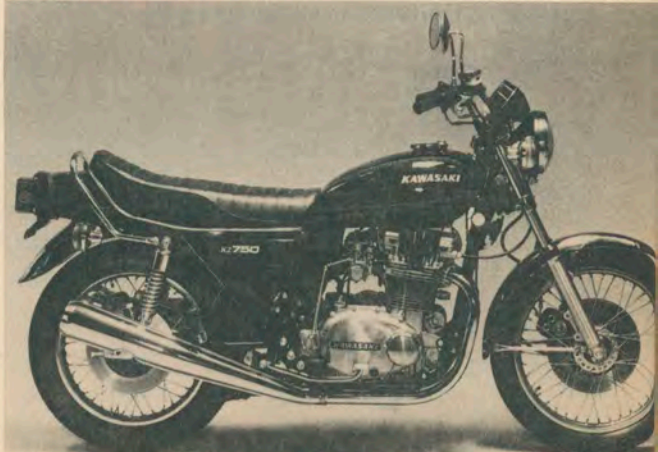
STATS AND SPECS

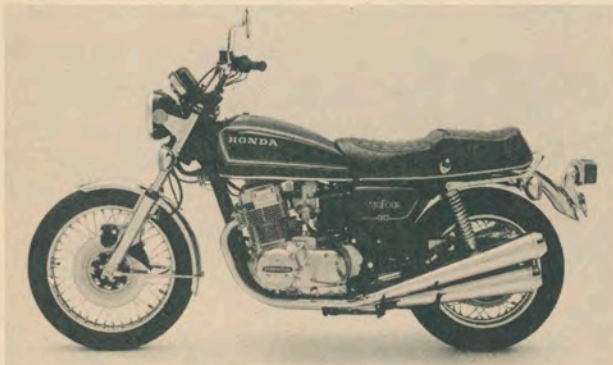
THE KAWASAKI Z1R AND THE Z1RTC

Unbolt American Turbopack's turbocharger from the Z1RTC ("TC" for turbocharged), pocket and \$1400 difference and hang on to your warranty. Less the turbocharger, the Z1RTC becomes the less potent, \$3,500 Z1R. IT comes with built in fairing and instrumentation panel and looks enough like the original BMW R100RS to set some tongues clicking. So far, none of the Japanese manufacturers have been able to turn out low-cost superbikes that can duplicate BMW's high-cost superbikes and they're not even trying. Their market in the United States is the \$2,000 to \$4,000 motorcycle buyer who can forget Pearl Harbor long enough to recognize a bargain when he see one. Laying down big bucks for European craftsmanship just doesn't fit into this rider's plans and he's happy enough with mass production if he can save some converted yen.

The Z1R weighs in at 575 pounds and produces a claimed 85horsepower at 8,000 rpm. When the tach needle spins past the six thousand mark toward the red line, you're sticking to the seat only because you planned ahead and weren't caught by suprise. Acceleration after 6,000 rpm literally recedes your hairline and you just hang in there hoping (a) you don't slide off the back, (b) exceed tolerance G forces or (c) chicken out before you reach the ultimate, high speed thrill. It's possible on the Z1RTC to actually lift the front wheel off the ground while shifting from fourth to fifth, so this motorcycle is no toy and definitely for the experienced rider only.

KAWASAKI KZ750

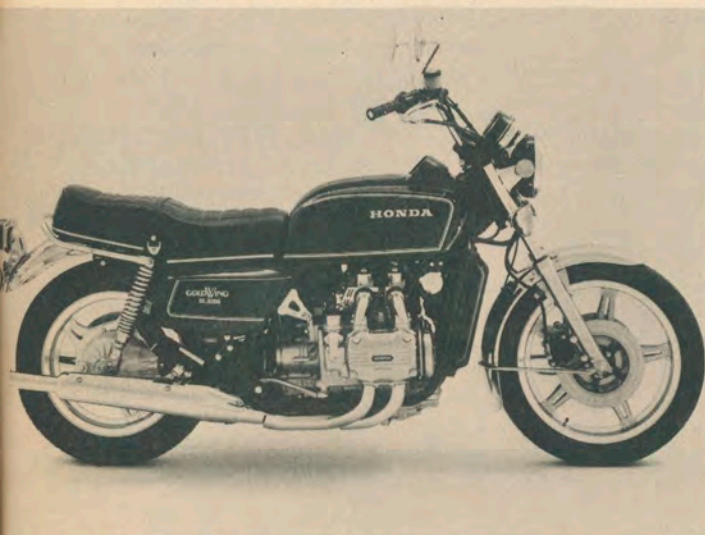




HONDA 750FOUR

THE HONDA CBX 1,000

This is Honda's first year for a six cylinder motorcycle (the only one available other than the Kawasaki KZ1300) and the bike went through some frame-engine compatibility problems when it was first released. After a massive advertising campaign that had serious superbike lovers taking



HONDA GL-1000 GOLD WING

six cold showers a day, the bike never appeared on the market and rumors were the power of the engine was just too much for the frame. Weird things start happening when massive horsepower starts twisting frame tubes so back to the drawing board they went and the finished, perfected product can be seen today on any Honda dealer's showroom floor. You can experience the ultimate ride for \$4,000 — cash or credit and riding around town with six cylinders tucked between your knees is a certain attention getter. Honda passed up shaft drive this year (although they introduced it on their CX500), choosing instead to stick with the old reliable chain drive which is cheaper to produce and reportedly more effective in transferring engine power to the rear wheel. To keep the 135 horses actively feeding the rear wheel, chain does the best job although it does require occasional adjusting and lubricating. With a total weight of 549 pounds, the CBX is a potent combination of massive engine (with six exhaust pipes) and super performance.

THE SUZUKI GS1000

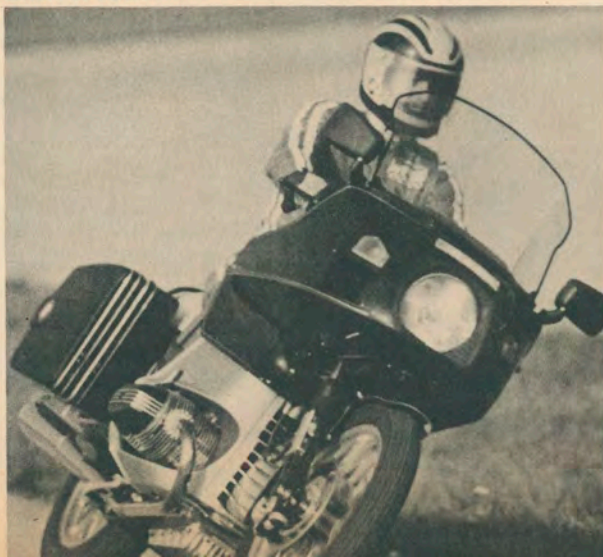
The Suzuki GS1000 is consistently voted the most comfortable, best handling superbike in the field and it's basically a beefed up version of the 750cc model which also wins a lot of votes. Researching this article, I rode every superbike available on both track and highway and when the project was over, I walked down to my nearest Suzuki dealer, laid down \$3099 and rode off, knowing I made the best choice. If the ultimate motorcycle could be designed, one that outrode and outhandled all the others, surely many of the features would be stolen from the GS1000. At just over \$3000 it's a chance to step into superbiking without straining your wallet. The GS1000 comes with aluminum cast wheels and air forks for fine tuning the suspension and is my vote for superbike of the year.

THE BMW R100RS and R100RT

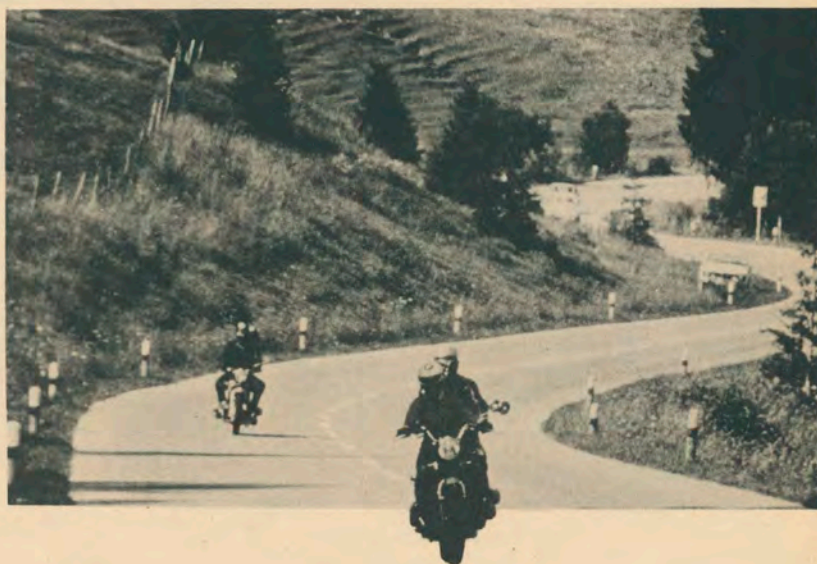
Enter the exotic ... the BMW R100RS is straight out of "Star Wars" — silver fairing, aircraft-type instrumentation and a price tag that tears the hell out of six, one thousand dollar bills — and it's not even BMW's top-of-the-line model! Sitting on top of the one upmanship pile is the R100RT which sells in the United States for \$6,400 but they throw in two, really neat suitcases that clip onto the rear (if that's any justification). BMW has a long, untarnished record of producing trouble-free, reliable motorcycles and few, if any, serious motorcycle tourers set out for a trip around the world on anything less than a BMW. It's still a twin cylinder in a world of fours, but you can get turned on by the pulsating exhaust sounds and twins rarely need attention, so the true motorcycle lover trots down to his local BMW dealer's showroom every year and lays down his cash with no complaints knowing he's about to ride off on the best.

The BMW is not just a motorcycle ... it's a tradition, like wooden-hulled sailing vessels. It takes unpresed trousers and turns them into tuxedos, turns heads everywhere and most riders feel justified in riding with their noses in the air (if you're into that sort of thing) and at those prices, you can do whatever you like.

BMW R 100RT



SUPERBIKING IN EUROPE



When you rape the family bank account to the tune of four to six thousand dollars, it's sometimes hard to explain why you've been bitten by the superbike bug ... and when it's a joint bank account, explanations are usually necessary. What most people do is hug their wife and suggest a his-her tour of Europe, stressing the point that overseas deliveries are cheaper than U.S. deliveries. Once you've justified your madness, you arrange pickup with a motorcycle tour of Europe and wave the \$1,000 or so savings in front of her face so she'll know you're a neat guy. Both BMW and Moto Guzzi have European delivery plans and at this

writing you can buy the R100RS in Munich, Germany for \$5,495 and the R100RT for \$5,550. This savings will buy you two, round trip economy airline tickets from the east coast of the United States with enough left over to sample German beer until the suds are spilling out of your ears. You can ride around on what has to be the ultimate souvenir, then ship it home when it's all over and I guarantee you'll be invited to all the parties to relate your experiences. You can

do it alone or with a tour group especially designed for European delivery tours and possibly experience the adventure of your lifetime.

The International Motorcycle Tourers Club conducts three England/Europe tours every year in conjunction with Triumph motorcycle deliveries in England or German/Italian motorcycles in Munich and Milan. The tours run 21 days and are available from "deluxe" (at \$1600 for riders/\$1450 for passengers) to "basic" (at \$850 for riders/\$800 for passengers). All tour packages include roundtrip airfare, some accommodations and meals, club jacket with patch, tour guide with luggage van and club assistance in arranging deliveries, rentals, insurance and return shipping. On any of these tours, you'll ride with motorcyclists from Canada, South America, Australia and Europe and visit most of the European countries you'd want to visit (France, England, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Yugoslavia, etc.) For the short-term adventure seekers, there are also

14 day tours of both England and Europe.

Not everybody is interested in sharing the experience with a crowd, so the do-it-yourselfers arrange their own deliveries (at the same savings) through Butler-Smith Motors (BMW) or Berliner Motors (Moto Guzzi) and head off on their own, camping along the route to cut expenses or splurging on fluffy beds and sit-down dinners. All of the know-how on how to accomplish this on your own is in "Europe ... The Two-Wheeled Adventure," a 240-page motorcyclist's guide to touring Europe, available from the International Motorcycle Tourers Club for \$8.95 plus \$1.00 postage/handling.

Membership in the International Motorcycle Tourers Club is \$15a year and you get everything from a membership card to a "touring hotline" telephone number for instant answers to international touring problems. The club publishes a world touring newsletter with the latest, up-to-date information on group motorcycle tours, rental availability and contacts around the world. If you think the IMTC is your kind of club and international motorcycle touring is your kind of game, you can join by writing them at the International Motorcycle Tourers Club, 5118 Rolling Hills Court, Tampa, Florida 33617 USA. European and English readers of this magazine should write the UK office of the club at 112 Queens Road, Nuneaton, Warwickshire, CV11 5LS England. Overseas membership is \$20 a year and U.S.A. motorcycle tours are conducted for overseas members three times annually.

If international motorcycle touring is just too big a leap across the adventure pond, there are three organized U.S.A. motorcycle tours currently available, all of which include full use of touring size motorcycle. One covers the southeastern United States and two others cover the southwestern United States. These all-inclusive tours supply Kawasaki 750cc motorcycles, Suzuki 750's and BMW's and you arrive with your helmet and some enthusiasm and they take it from there. Further information is available from the International Motorcycle Tourers Club.

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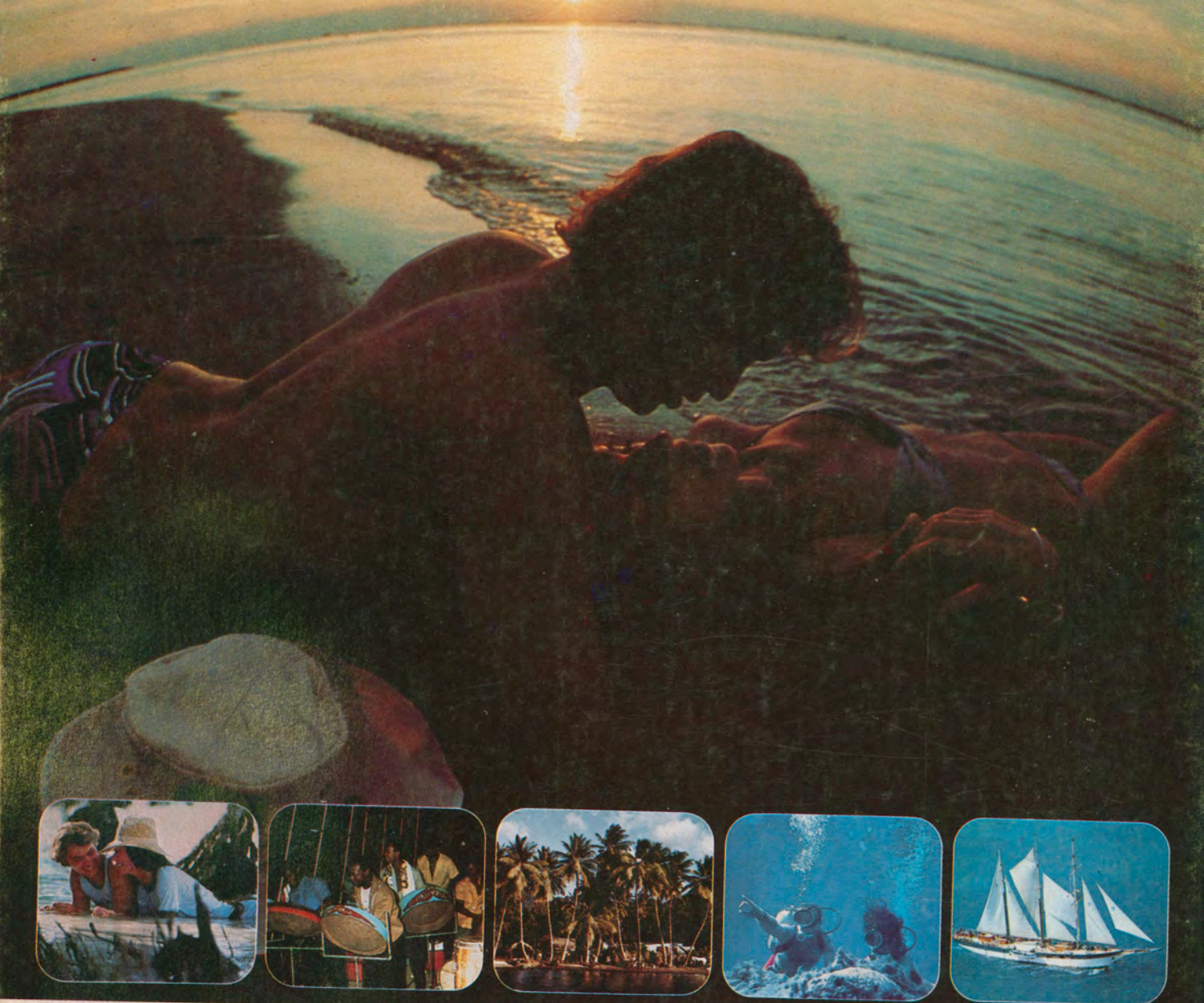
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